

October 1959

# MOTIVE



# *motive*

OCTOBER 1959

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**FRONT COVER ART:** BY ARTIST JOACHIM PROBST. **BLUE CRUCIFIX**, 1958 oil, 19"x16" courtesy, Dr. Lodewijk Lek. For information about this painter see the art feature in this issue, pages 15 through 25.

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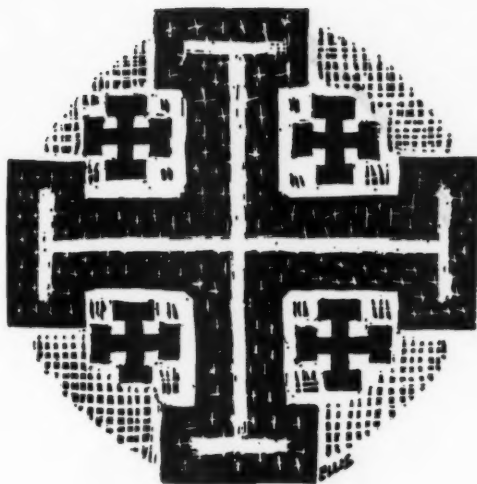
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## *a prayer for the confession of sin*

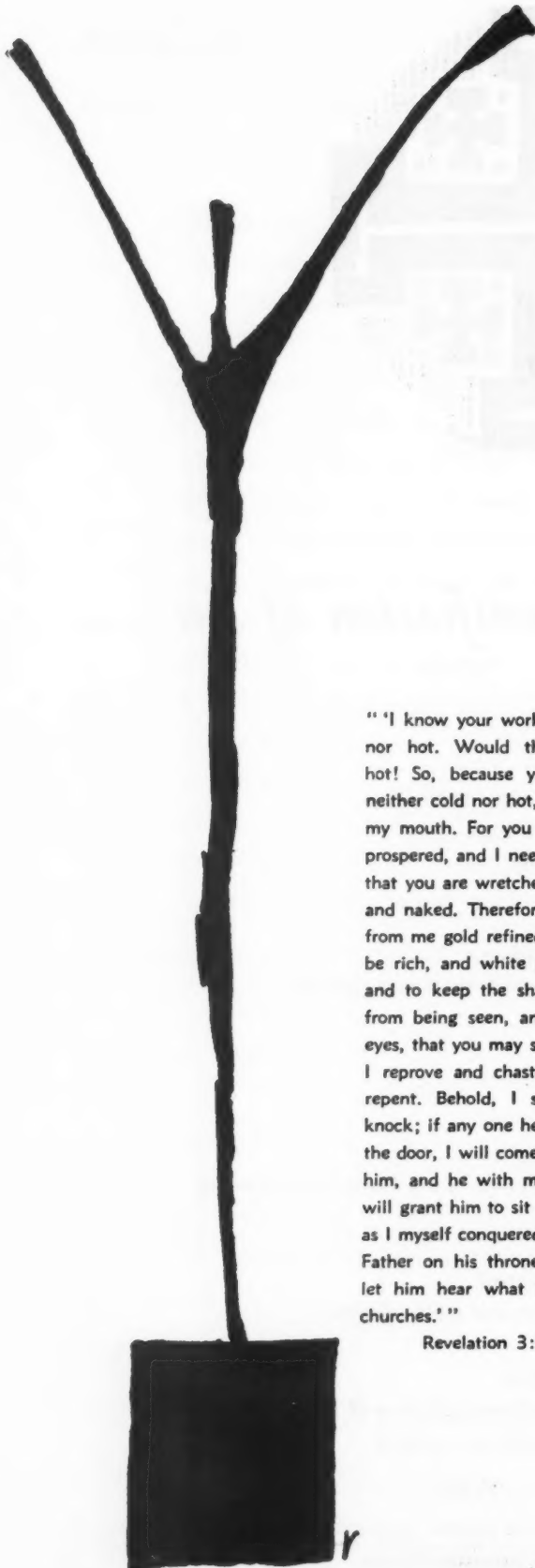
O LORD, Holy and righteous God,  
I acknowledge before thee that I do not fear thee  
and that I do not love thee above all things.  
I do not come to take delight in prayer  
nor do I continue in thy Word.  
I lack joy in thy service.  
I do not have the freedom of thy children.  
By my distractions I waste the time which thou dost give me.

I do not really love my neighbor:  
I am too much interested in myself.  
I am not always in a good mood;  
I am vain and susceptible.  
I lack the conscience that should accompany my Christian profession  
and the spirit of solidarity.  
I abuse the suffering of others;  
I am not free so far as money is concerned.  
My heart is divided, crossed by doubts and guilty desires.

I accuse myself before thee, O my God,  
of this mediocrity. Forgive me and fill me with love of Jesus  
so that in my life something will finally be changed.

AMEN

THIS PRAYER APPEARS IN THE NEW FRENCH REFORMED LITURGY.



"I know your works: you are neither cold nor hot. Would that you were cold or hot! So, because you are lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew you out of my mouth. For you say, I am rich, I have prospered, and I need nothing; not knowing that you are wretched, pitiable, poor, blind, and naked. Therefore I counsel you to buy from me gold refined by fire, that you may be rich, and white garments to clothe you and to keep the shame of your nakedness from being seen, and salve to anoint your eyes, that you may see. Those whom I love, I reprove and chasten; so be zealous and repent. Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any one hears my voice and opens the door, I will come in to him and eat with him, and he with me. He who conquers, I will grant him to sit with me on my throne, as I myself conquered and sat down with my Father on his throne. He who has an ear, let him hear what the Spirit says to the churches.'"

Revelation 3:15-22, RSV translation

**T**HERE is a lot of confusion among us about this word "atheism." All of us are doubtless aware that the word is occasionally bounced around by some legislators who are worried over the supposed existence of atheist teachers in various schools.

But what is an atheist? The dictionary defines an atheist as one who "disbelieves or denies the existence of God." Here is where the confusion begins. What is this "God" in the definition? God transcends any human definition or rational proof. You cannot put God in a syllogism without reducing him to a category of logic, not encompassable in the human mind. If you could enclose God in your mind, you would be God!

How can we approach this matter of the existence of God without confusion? The theologian, Paul Tillich, says that the word "God" is a symbol of our ultimate concern. Whatever your ultimate concern is your God. So the existence of God can be denied only by the existence of another god. Only a god can deny the existence of another. One ultimate concern can be replaced only by another ultimate concern. Therefore, atheists are really atheists in the dictionary sense of the word.



# campus atheism or apathy ?

BY J. CLAUDE EVANS

Atheists have replaced their faith in the existence of one God with a denial of God; but this denial of God is based on a faith in some other god, some other ultimate concern. Atheists, therefore, are not so much atheists, as they are naïve idolators.

**M**OREOVER, it is possible that an honest atheist (as contrasted to the doctrinaire or "collegiate" atheist) in the who is an atheist for ego reasons) is any human closer to the God who created us than he knows or cares to admit. The philosopher, Jaspers, says that any honest man is so revolted and repelled by the tragedy of life that he is tempted to deny God or to rebel against existence. Here Jaspers finds atheism on the side of honesty when it refuses to call evil "good" and when it refuses to accept pseudo-solutions to the problem of evil with timid and dishonest doctrines of God. In insistence on honesty and truthfulness, the atheist is standing in the presence of God whether he knows what he is doing or not.

For, it is on the other side of darkness that you will find a surrender that is close to God. It is through a sense of justice and righteousness that

a man cries out against the injustices and tragedies of the world, and this brings us into communion with a righteous and just God, whether we know his name or not. This becomes our ultimate concern, our God. By asking the most embarrassing questions, we are seeking him. It is through rejecting some of our pious traditional conceptions of God that we come to know him better.

If, then, belief in God is belief in an ultimate concern; and if everyone has an ultimate concern, and therefore everyone has a God; and if honest doubt, so-called atheism, really leads us into the presence of God; what is atheism? Again, Tillich helps us. Atheism, says Tillich "can only mean the attempt to remove any ultimate concern—to remain unconcerned about the meaning of one's existence. Indifference toward the ultimate question is the only imaginable form of atheism." So, it is apathy that should disturb us, not atheism. It is apathy that closes our mind and life to God, not honest skepticism or doubt or atheism.

**F**ROM the point of view of religion, is atheism our chief campus prob-

lem? Or is it apathy? Are modern students atheistic? No. Are modern students *apathetic*? Let us examine some of the evidence.

A short time ago, I spent a few days in a religious emphasis week on the campus of a university in the deep South. Anxious to compare student life there with that on my own campus, I addressed a lot of questions to the fraternities, to the sororities, to the various honorary club members, and to the faculty and staff. Over and over again, the word "apathy" was used to describe student life. The church groups on the campus minister only to a small minority of their constituency. The campus YM-YWCA testified that their program meets an apathetic response. Gone are the early post-World War II days when students had a gleam of purpose in their eyes, knew what they wanted, and participated body and soul in whatever groups they deemed relevant to this purpose. Those were the heydays for religious work on campus.

But, so the testimony continued, almost unanimously, apathy infects not only the religious groups at this state university, but all groups. The

gung-ho days of fraternity and sorority influence are gone. Belonging to a fraternity or sorority has lost its status symbol. Extracurricular clubs and organizations are floundering for lack of student interest. Even athletics, that god of the campus that seems never to die, is waning in its infectious emotional appeal. It is the alumni who fire coaches now, rather than student pressure.

Perhaps this analysis is true for that deep South university, you may say; but it is not true for my campus. Perhaps. Look then at the results of the Jacob study of current values among American college students. The Jacob study was sponsored by the Hazen Foundation in an effort to determine the effectiveness of teaching general education courses in the social sciences on the college level. As a by-product more significant than the original goal, the study revealed a profile of the modern college student in America.

HERE is a brief summary of the conclusions of Professor Jacob. "A dominant characteristic of students in the current generation is that they are *gloriously contented* both in regard to their present day-to-day activity and their outlook for the future. Few of them are worried—about their health, their prospective careers, their family relations, the state of national or international society or the likelihood of their enjoying secure and happy lives. They are supremely confident that their destinies lie within their own control rather than in the grip of external circumstances.

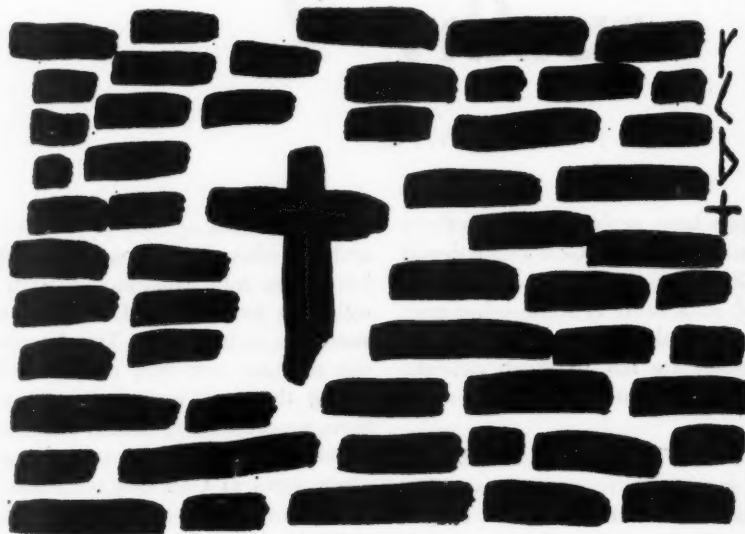
"The great majority of students appear unabashedly *self-centered*. They aspire for material gratifications for themselves and their families. They intend to look out for themselves first and expect others to do likewise.

"But this is not the individualistic self-centeredness of the pioneer. American students fully accept the conventions of the contemporary business society as the context within which they will realize their personal desires. They cheerfully expect to conform to the economic *status quo*

and to receive ample rewards for dutiful and productive effort. . . .

"Social harmony with an *easy tolerance of diversity* pervades the student environment. Conformists themselves, the American students see little need to insist that each and every person be and behave just like themselves. They are for the most part (with some allowance for sectional difference) ready to live in a mobile society, without racial, ethnic or income barriers. But they do not intend to crusade for nondiscrimination, merely to accept it as it comes, a necessary convention in a homogenized culture.

"The traditional *moral virtues* are



valued by almost all students. They respect sincerity, honesty, loyalty, as proper standards of conduct for decent people. But they are not inclined to censor those who choose to depart from these canons. Indeed they consider laxity a prevalent phenomenon, even more prevalent than the facts seem to warrant. Nor do they feel personally bound to unbending consistency in observing the code, especially when a lapse is socially sanctioned. For instance, standards are generally low in regard to academic honesty, systematic cheating being a common practice rather than the exception at many major institutions.

"Students normally express a *need for religion* as a part of their lives and make time on most week ends for

an hour in church. But there is a 'ghostly quality' about the beliefs and practices of many of them, to quote a sensitive observer. Their religion does not carry over to guide and govern important decisions in the secular world. Students expect these to be socially determined. God has little to do with the behavior of men in society, if widespread student judgment be accepted. His place is in church and perhaps in the home, not in business or club or community. He is worshiped, dutifully and with propriety, but the campus is not permeated by a live sense of His presence."<sup>1</sup>

WHILE these views represent only a 75 to 80 per cent consensus of American college students, they are to be found in this proportion on colleges from coast to coast, at state universities and at church colleges. "Perhaps," says Dr. Jacob, "these students are the forerunners of a major cultural and ethical revolution, the unconscious ushers of an essentially secular (though nominally religious), self-oriented (though group conforming) society."

It may be that you will doubt some of these conclusions of Professor Jacob as not applicable to your campus. Listen, then, to the testimony

<sup>1</sup> Jacob, Philip E., *Changing Values in College*. Harper & Brothers. Used by permission.

of one of your own generation. These are the words of a 1955 graduate of Williams College in his Phi Beta Kappa commencement speech of that year entitled "The Meaninglessness of a Williams Education."

"When I speak of the meaninglessness of a Williams education, I am referring to that portion of the broader educational process which we call the cultivation of the intellect, for it seems that in this crucial respect our educations have lacked any real meaning. Not only have we been apathetic toward intellectual life, we have even fled from it, endlessly seeking diversion, both in and out of the classroom. This strikes me as rather tragic, for this has been the only formal education most of us are ever going to have, and indeed, the only intellectual experience for many of us. This is good cause for apprehension, not only for the future of our society, but also for the personal satisfaction and happiness of the graduating class.

"It strikes me that most of us are in a profound state of intellectual adolescence from which we may never mature, if, indeed, we do not grow more immature, until we reach that state of intellectual prenativity which seems so often to accompany worldly success. We are, most of us, not intellectually tolerant, we are only gullible; we are not skeptical, we are only suspicious; not sophisticated, only apathetic; not humble, only confused; our tastes are not catholic, but only uncertain, ill-defined, and completely at the mercy of our changing social contexts. Worst of all, we are not at all enthusiastic, curious, or even interested.

"If we ask ourselves why this state of affairs exists, we must, I think, lay the blame (or praise, if you will) upon ourselves, the students. We have had countless opportunities to quench whatever intellectual thirst we might have—an excellent faculty, a good library, a provocative curriculum—but having been led to these streams of knowledge, we have apparently been disinclined to drink therefrom.

"There seem to be two causes for this intellectual abstinence. The first and most powerful of these is the

familiar vicious circle of Williams prestige values. Only exceptional people can find incentive to intellectual achievement in a society in which purely intellectual activity is accorded such scant recognition. Incoming freshmen are made aware that the road to status in the college community is social, not intellectual. In their quest for status they adopt those values necessary for its achievement, and in their turn pass them down to subsequent classes. In this manner an unbroken chain of values is established in which intellectual traits are definitely subordinate.

"The second source of our lack of interest in the world of the intellect can be found in the social background from which most of us come—a context in which intellectual achievement has little meaning. In most of the twentieth-century middle-class America, learning is hardly a goal of people's lives. College has become four years of purgatorial polishing which young men must undergo before they can get down to the real business of bourgeois life—the attainment of material comfort, economic security, and social prestige. Since intellectual prowess is of very little assistance in the achievement of these lofty ends (if indeed it is not a drawback) there is very little social incentive to intellectual inquiry. Thus the intellectual process is reduced to a mere decorative embellishment on what is basically a social way of life; like power steering, white-wall tires, or a two-tone paint job, it is rather nice if one can afford it, but is not standard equipment on the business model.

"Now this does not mean that Williams College is not an excellent institution. It has its own very powerful charm, which I would be one of the first to defend, but let us not make the mistake of confusing social polish with intellectual achievement. The two are quite distinct. Nor is there really a remedy for the situation; many people, indeed, would not have it changed. But I do think that it should be made clear that our experience here, whatever it has been, has not been meaningful to us in an intellectual sense. Let us be aware of our limitations,

even though we cannot or will not transcend them."<sup>2</sup>

HOW are we to interpret these views of the modern student and the modern university? What is behind the current dialectic, greater interest in formal religion, but less interest in the application of religion to life; greater interest in a college education, but less interest in real intellectual growth; assent given to values of honesty, integrity, loyalty, yet tolerant of cheating and personal violations of the accepted code? Why is the modern student so apathetic?

Is it because students feel they have been sold an inauthentic bill of goods? The phrase of the beat genera-



tion—"it's a phony"—does this give us a key of understanding? There is little interest in extracurricular activities. Is it because these "activities are unrelated to college study," as Warren Ashby insists, and that consequently "serious conflicts develop in the lives of college students, conflicts of which faculty members are largely unaware"?

Or does the apathy root in the unconscious anxiety of the modern student who feels that modern life and culture are doomed to extinction in an

<sup>2</sup> Farnsworth, Dana L., *Mental Health in College and University*, Harvard University Press. Used by permission of Mr. Anderson.



atomic war soon to come? On this view, students have no sense of meaning or purpose in higher education, so they become unabashedly self-centered in their desires for fulfillment, however temporary and transient the fulfillments may be. Many hold this to be causal of student apathy, despite the fact that the Jacob report does not support it.

Or does the apathy root in the self-centeredness of this new student generation? Supporters of this view point out that this is not the post-World War II generation of students upon whom the maturation of a world at war had its effect; but that this is a post-post-World War II generation. It is a post-depression generation that accepts prosperity as a natural and normal state of affairs. It is, within limits, a progressively educated generation where the child was made the center of the curriculum rather than knowledge or truth or even religion. It is a generation raised permissively by parents, whose home life has been more of a dormitory than a unit for work and discipline. It is a generation of early adulthood, of going steady in junior high. It is a generation, too, where even the church and the university have been captivated by permissiveness. Few colleges there be that still require attendance at chapel or church; fewer still that require a course or two in philosophy or religion for graduation. This is the religiosity generation, where religion is useful, gives one peace of mind, or guarantees success, or makes for the well-rounded personality or a good athlete.

**W**HATEVER the cause for the apathy of students or faculty, the Christian faith has something to say about it. The Scripture translated into the vernacular of the modern day: "And unto the angel of the modern American college student write: . . . I know your works: you are neither cold nor hot. (*You are not atheists, most of you. You are not really bad. You are simply oriented around self-centered goals and interpretations of life which make you apathetic to prophetic religion and to*



*the intellectual life.*) Would that you were cold or hot! (*Even an atheist is making a response to God, while the self-centeredly apathetic ignores him!*) So, because you are lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew you out of my mouth. (*This is God's world and we are God's children, whether we know it or not.*) For you say, I am rich, I have prospered (*I have a good time at college, I am high on the special scale of prestige, I am pinned to a wealthy boy, or plan to marry a well-off girl*), I need nothing; not knowing that you are wretched, pitiable, poor, blind, and naked."

If this is a true diagnosis, then two things are in store for us. For one thing, God's judgment upon our self-centeredness is on its way. What is sin but self-centeredness? This is the Christian understanding of sin. What is man? Man is this creature created by God for the purpose of standing in a relationship to God as creature to Creator, son to Father. So man, in Genesis 1, in the mind of God, is man that centers himself upon God, who "walks and talks with God," who acknowledges his dependence, who seeks to be obedient as creature to Creator. But this is no man we know. The man we know, is rebellious man, the man of Genesis 3. Man rebels at his position of creature; he wants to be Creator. He rebels at being dependent; having freedom, he wants to be independent. So, with his freedom, he takes this primordial leap of self-centeredness, and this defines his sin. Man centers himself upon himself, seeks to determine his own destiny, lives by his own will instead of God's will. But this violates what man is by Creation, a creature meant to center

himself upon God. Thus, the whole history of man is a history of rebellion and God's consequent judgment. Daily we center ourselves upon ourselves and daily we are being thrown out of the Garden of Eden.

But the Christian faith says that judgment is just half the story. "Those whom I love, I reprove and chasten; so be zealous and repent." The second word of the Christian faith, then, is *repent*. Repentance in the Hebraic sense means *turning* to God, not simply the Greek sense of changing one's mind. We must get excited in our turning to God.

This is the Christian God, and not some other god that we must turn to. Who is the Christian God? He is the Creator from whom we come and unto whom we return. He is the sustainer of man and the universe, without whose ever presence we would not for a moment exist. He is the God of justice and righteousness who demands that we be in a right relation with him and with our neighbor. He is the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ whose love for us is absolute and unconditional, but whose love is revealed toward our sin and rebellion as wrath and judgment. He is the God who made us free, and because he wants us as sons, will not make our free decisions for us, but who seeks us by the redemption we see in Christ Crucified where our evil is turned into a good, where death turns into life eternal, and where love constrains us to a responsive love.

**M**ANY modern students do recognize the apathy that besets us for what it is and seek a religious answer. This explains the renewed interest in Roman Catholicism and in fundamentalism. Each of these offers an authoritative answer to one's problem of free decision. Believe what the church teaches and be saved, says Catholicism. Believe literally what the doctrines teach, says fundamentalism. And the wistfulness of some finds answers here.

But surely these are, at base, only human answers to a need for God himself—unmediated, existential, free

and unhindered. Or, as the Scripture puts it: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." There is no authoritative de-emptying of man's responsibility here. Man can only become a son by a sonful (*sic*) use of his freedom. But if man does make the decision to turn to this Christian God and make him his ultimate concern, the center of his life, to whom he seeks to be obedient, or according to the Scripture: "... if anyone hears my voice and opens the door, I will come in to him and eat with him, and he with me." For the Oriental, the mark of real personal acceptance, of intimate fellowship be-

tween people, is the invitation to a meal. What is promised here is nothing less than the intimate love of God himself.

Does this make us students, Christians? No, it does the reverse. It makes us Christian students. Student life then has a transcendent meaning, and we see our vocation, as long as we are in college, to be studentship. The Christian student sees himself as standing in God's presence while seeking truth in the classroom or in the laboratory. He stands in his presence as he challenges the assumptions of one or another secular philosophy. He

stands in his presence as he makes his decisions about the depth of his commitment to fraternities, to sororities, to athletics, to the desire for security, to the matter of chastity or cheating, or to the matter of atheism or apathy.

And so he stands alone. And in an awful silence. With the only sound being that memory of the Church coming down to us from an event in history, witnessed to us by others who heard it first, which has as its refrain: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

## THE PLACE OF PRAYER AND MEDITATION

**T**HE place of prayer and meditation in the life of a college community is limited and hedged in by the multiplicity of details to which attention must be given as a normal part of daily experience.

It is true that in some sense a man's whole life may be regarded as prayer. Ordinarily, what a man does is an expression of his intent, and his intent is the focusing of his desiring, and his desires are the prayers of his heart. But such explanations are far from satisfactory. There is no argument needed for the necessity of taking time out for being alone, for withdrawal, for being quiet without and still within. The sheer physical necessity is urgent because the body and the entire nervous system cry out for the healing waters of silence. One could not begin the cultivation of the prayer life at a more practical point than deliberately to seek each day, and several times a day, a lull in the rhythm of daily doing, a period when nothing happens that demands active participation. It is a wonderful way with which to begin the day and to bring one's day to an end.

At first the quiet times may be quite barren or merely a retreat from exhaustion. One has to get used to the stillness even after it has been achieved. The time may be used for taking stock, for examining one's life direction, one's plans, one's relations, and the like. This in itself is most profitable. It is like cleaning out the closets, or the desk drawers, and getting things in order. The time may be used for focusing and refocusing one's purposes in the light of what at first may be only one's idea of the best and the highest. Then quiet changes begin to take place.

Somewhere along the way, one's idea of the best and the highest takes on a transcendent character and one begins to commune, to communicate with one's idea of the best and the highest—only a man does not talk to, or with, an idea. When the awareness of God comes in—how he entered, one does not know—one is certain that he had been there all the time. This assurance is categorical and becomes the very core of one's faith; indeed, it becomes more and more one's faith.

—JANET CHORDS  
COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC



# the b

A SHORT STORY BY KERMIT EBY

**E**LMER Royer was, I think, the perfect Protestant. One might have felt on first seeing him that he was one of those people who desperately *needs* respectability, so intensely did he adhere to all the proprieties. It was all there: the reserve, the impeccable language, the perfectly creased blue serge suit, the exactness of voice, intent, and manner, the inflexibility of purpose.

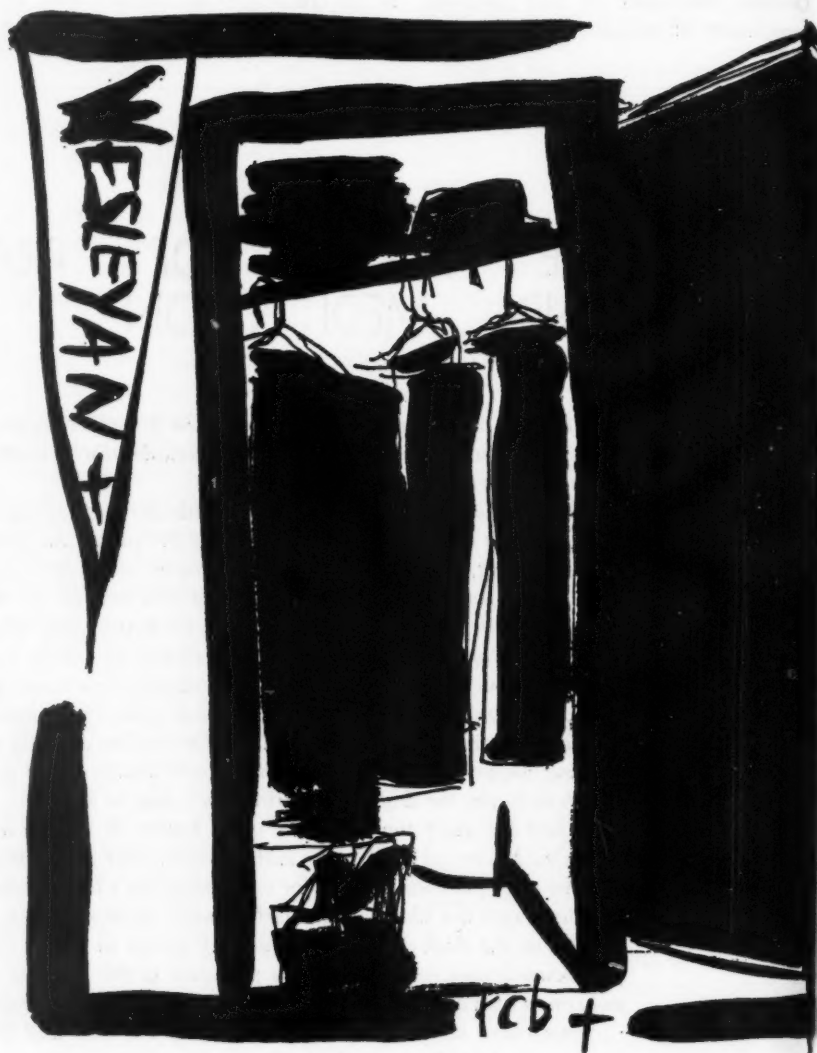
Ben and John and I went to school with him. And even among us—students in a small, proper, church school of the twenties—Dunkard Elmer Royer's extraordinary propriety seemed somehow improper. Even in church schools boys tell unseemly stories; even in church schools boys boast of real or imagined conquests. But not before Elmer Royer! Elmer Royer, even in his callow youth, was a *type* more than a man, a series of qualities rather than a potpourri of conflicting desires, minor eccentricities, varied aspirations, and undefined desperations. He was a type that has become a legend upon the American scene. If there is any ideal *gentleman* type for Americans, that has been an Elmer Royer one—white, Protestant, and chiefly middle class. (And although Elmer's ancestors were Pennsylvania German, his were the Anglo-Saxon virtues.)

The type which has appealed to the immigrant imagination has been, for a combination of reasons, Anglo-Saxon. Not upper class, but in everything, including money and the show of money, moderate. Hard-working, saving, thoughtful, decisive, neat, square-jawed, industrious but not aggressive, and above all things, moderate. In other words, the legend which has caught America is—Elmer Royer.

Elmer was the living, walking legend, and Ben and John and I felt

inferior to him. God knows that a small Dunkard church school is as homogeneous as three peas in a wizened old pod—our inferiority did

downed the primordial and the unrefined in man as thoroughly as it has so far, in the evolutionary drama, been possible to down it. His per-



not come from ethnic variation, but from temperamental differences. Respectability, in our terms, was built into Elmer, and the keynote of that respectability was a temperamental inability to reveal himself. He had

sonality was built on control and restraint.

His methodical approach was characterized in his membership on the debate team which also included Ben, John and me. And yet we could find

# e burlesque show

no real fault with him. Elmer worked hard. While the three of us relaxed in our beds and worked out our speeches interspersed with bull sessions, Elmer persevered at the desk. His files were always in order, and more than once we borrowed his references. These he gave willingly, and also what John and Ben and I could not give, acceptance. Even when we won and rejoiced in our winning, the barrier survived; Elmer never really was on the team. He was an outsider, alien to the day of graduation.

Elmer, unlike John and Ben and myself, graduated with honors of highest distinction. Nevertheless, his modesty was perfect and real. As we said goodbye after commencement service, Elmer apologized for out-ranking us:

"If you had tried, I'm sure you would have done better than I."

I knew better and felt guilty for not saying so.

Significantly, Ben and John and I met again in graduate work, but Elmer was not among us. We heard of him from time to time. First, we heard that he was working hard (in another graduate school) and that he was more fun than once upon a time. He had even taken to wearing a tweed suit and bright ties. Soon (sooner than any one of us) he had his Ph.D.

Then he got a job as a statistician and married a girl named Ann, who reportedly would be "good for him." He was employed by Proctor and Gamble, and we heard that he was not too happy with research because he preferred to have more contact with people. We were also told that if only we could get together with him again, we would understand how much all of us had in common.

But neither Ben nor John nor I believed this idea that we had a great deal in common with Elmer. We understood dimly how vast is the dif-

ference between one temperament and another. And Elmer was of the temperamental rare and unlikely in this world, even when a whole stereotype is behind it.

SEVERAL years passed and then suddenly the three of us who had avoided Elmer for a long time (either from design or by accident) received a phone call relating that Elmer was sick unto death. It was his wife saying, "Elmer has ten days or two weeks to live! He wants to spend next Saturday with his old debate team."

"We will be there," each of us replied.

Early Saturday we met at a common point. As we drove, we spoke of our alma mater, the debate team, the comradery, the old school tie, everything of which Elmer was a part yet always apart. Unspoken was the common guilt we felt. For miles on end, we the garrulous ones were quiet. Two images of the same man crossed our consciousness—ours and that of recent reports.

We arrived at the hospital promptly at ten. Ann met us in the reception room.

"Elmer is so anxious to see you. He always talked so much about the years at college, how much he enjoyed your association on the debate team." She continued, "He has only about a week to live—brain tumor. He understands and wants to talk about events, but he has only energy enough for about ten minutes of conversation at a time. He will be quiet when he wants to rest. Please try to understand he has no regrets. Life has been good!"

We went into the sickroom, three old comrades, feeling sick and unhappy ourselves. And Elmer, as always the gentleman, wanted to make it easy for us. "You know," he said,

"I'd always wanted to ask you fellows whether you really thought that the trick case we developed to repudiate the need for a child labor amendment was quite fair!"

John defended it. It was his case, and he really believed that child labor was involuntary servitude.

"No child could be expected to voluntarily work in violation of his health and education."

"Well," said Elmer, "I always had doubts about the ethics of the argument. Such cases may win debates, but the trickery—is not worth it."

And this too, was part of the legend: no compromise, in the name of the ethic, with reality.

Elmer began to talk to us of the present—the birth of the CIO, Roosevelt's policies, the rise of Hitler (and how did we pacifist Brethren stand on that?), Russia, the world. He stopped from time to time, to rest, and there were long silences, when we, the guests, stood tense and ashamed before the image of death.

Consistent with the legend it was that on his deathbed a man should talk with seemly reserve of large and objective things, never mentioning those personal terrors which swarm more fully around the dying even than the living. Even on his deathbed we were incapable of breaking through Elmer Royer's personal conventions and personal reserve. We did not know him that well. Perhaps no one knew him that well. Silence as penetrating as the conversation which preceded it filled the room. As Elmer lay relaxed with eyes closed, it seemed as if life already had left him.

Almost as if on schedule, he asked us our opinion of labor laws, its leadership and direction. The exchange was sharp and Elmer's participation spirited, so much that Ann cautioned him

about the need to conserve his energy so that his "agenda" might be covered.

Ben had been to Mexico, I to the Orient on a peace mission and we added our personal impressions to our observations.

Elmer sensed that after a long trip three healthy fellows were hungry. Lunch was served to all of us. We recalled our dining hall experiences at college, renewed our gripes, but somehow they didn't seem so very important any more. Though he was beyond hunger, Elmer extended his meal as long as possible.

We sensed his desire to resume the conversation. Almost apologetically he began the afternoon with, "There is so much I want to talk about and so little time. Before we begin, I want to thank you for coming; this day has meant so much to me. Perhaps I'll be so tired I won't be able to say good-bye. You will forgive me, if I cannot."

Of course, we agreed almost profusely. Three o'clock, three twenty and with each passing minute the intervals of silence were longer. The afternoon sun shone on Elmer's face. At times we expected, as we let our eyes fall on his transparent skin, the spirit could no longer be restrained.

And then four o'clock came. Ann rose, and bade us good-bye. "This day meant so much to Elmer. I'll let you know." (But by then we were almost out of hearing.)

Returning to life, we breathed deeply of the sharp air, walked rapidly

to our car to begin the six hours of driving ahead of us. Ben broke the silence. "I'll drive," he said.

HE took the route which he believed would gain us some time. Several stops later, we discovered we had missed a turn. Our informant told us: "You had better go downtown and then pick up your road."

We drove on. The sun went down, and the lights of the city burst out around us. Suddenly a sign brighter than the rest lit up—to all the world, I suppose, but for a brief moment to only the three of us. The light blazed:

**BURLESQUE SHOW  
GIRLS IN TIGHTS  
GIRLS DRESSING AND  
GIRLS UNDESSING!**

"Have you ever been?" queried John. "No," Ben and I replied.

By sudden fiat the three of us agreed to pay our money and enter, disagreeing over who would have the privilege to pay. We bought the most expensive seats—as far down front as possible. Everything there, we knew, would be the opposite of Elmer—either Elmer alive or Elmer dead.

And there, everything was, indeed, all life—sweaty and musty, gaudy, aspiring, despairing, romantic, tawdry, thoughtless, scheming, sentimental, lush. And overlaying it all was the peculiar sentiment affected by the theater, by any kind of show at all, by that particular simian desire to entertain and be entertained—the desire of human beings to exhibit, and the twin desire to watch an exhibition. *For the world is a stage and we are all in it*; between life and death there is a bridge. For some, its name is Love, for others the ability to exhibit gallantly or pretend well, and for Elmer Royer, through his conviction to believe the best, the most lasting bridge is neither pleasure nor love, but dignity. Between our present and pleasures, O Lord, and the Shadow of Death, falls the Dream. . . .

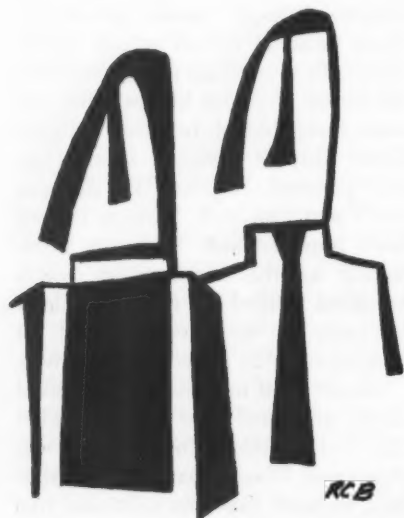
It struck me then, somewhere in the smoke of the exhibition that none of us sitting there had ever really taken the time to find out what Elmer Royer really believed. We had taken him as what he presented to us: a man dig-



nified almost beyond bearing, a man above all disease, mere silliness of flesh. Yet now he lay dying, in the fleshly sense (long before any of us expected to or would), and not one of us who had been invited to partake of the intimate terror of the death scene, knew the dying man at all. The symbol that he had been so eager to present to the world had not only taken us in—it had taken him. He could not escape it, and what he could have taught us escaped us.

In irony, we mourned and celebrated his death (for the real wake is always a celebration by those who remain alive) without knowing the man beyond the myth we had created. We could not reach him, nor he us. With the real despair of the graveside observer, my conscience pondered: had he perhaps desperately wanted to reach us and not knowing how had passed us, unhappily, not wishing to, like a sailor in the night? Why had he been so eager to see us—in the season of his death? What had he hoped to learn from us, and we from him? And why did we now, in the season of his death, choose to mourn his going with a second irony—in a way which we all felt that, had he known, would find merely *nasty*?

For two and one-half hours, we cheered the girls, laughed at the corny jokes, developed our own lark, pounded each other. Walking out at the last curtain, eight o'clock found us very hungry. A steak later, we were on our way home. We drove carefully, delirious to be alive.





Discussions of worship have reached new heights for campus Methodists since the National Methodist Student Movement published *The Wesley Orders of Common Prayer*. Seeking to aid and stimulate in the discussion, *motive* has published several articles—the most provocative so far being “In the Direction of Canterbury?” by Martin Rist, in the issue for March, 1959. Here and on pages 39-40 are responses to that article.

BY ROBERT S. ECCLES

## the community of worship

A HEALTHY Protestantism requires the steady continuation of theological dialogue. If the dialogue should be prematurely terminated in favor of any one particular point of view only a stifling dogmatism could be the result, and dogmatic liberalism is no more to be preferred than dogmatic orthodoxy. Methodists, who as a group have little relish for dogmatism, should be eager to continue the theological dialogue. The dialogue is as a matter of fact carried on in two recent review articles which have appeared in *motive*, one by Professor Richard Cameron, and one by Professor Martin Rist. Both writers have criticized certain aspects of *The Wesley Orders of Common Prayer* recently published by the National Methodist Student Movement. Now I wish to comment on Professor Rist's article in the interest of continuing the theological dialogue.

Professor Rist's critique seems to consist of three main contentions: first, that the use of *The Wesley Orders* would lead Methodism backward toward an undesirable antiquity; secondly, that the use of the book would tend to create a pattern of uniformity undesirable in Methodist public worship; and thirdly, that Methodist worship should be subject to continual creative variation.



On the first point Dr. Rist remarks that, “antiquity is no guarantee of present suitability for Methodist purposes,” and suggests that if it were a primary consideration we should return to the free and informal worship of the earliest church. I wonder if the question of antiquity is the real issue and not rather the question of Christian community in worship. If Methodists have any concern to foster

ecumenical Christianity, one of the most promising ways to do this would be to become at home in some of the vocabulary of common worship that has bound large numbers of Christians together over centuries of time. To the degree that *The Wesley Orders* may actually lead us back to John Wesley's tradition then the book is only an invitation to us to claim our rightful heritage.

With respect to the matter of antiquities it seems hardly relevant to criticize Dr. Hobbs, the editor of *The Wesley Orders*, for using the term "Apostles' Creed." He did not invent this term and probably knows as well as anyone that the apostles did not actually compose the Creed. However, to deny the validity of Dr. Hobbs' designation of that Creed as "The New Testament Confession of Faith" is to reject the view which is held with increasing respect by New Testament scholars that there is an essential unity within the New Testament provided by a common proclamation of faith which C. H. Dodd has designated as the *kerygma*. The Apostles' Creed seems clearly to preserve essential elements of this primal proclamation of New Testament faith. Consequently the disuse of the Creed by many Methodist churches which Professor Rist mentions should be cause for lament and not satisfaction. Even though there may be little point in reviving in Methodist circles the "descended into hell" passage of the Creed, ought not Methodists nevertheless to share the concern expressed in this ancient phrase that God has not abandoned outside the range of his saving help through Christ even the ancient dead who had no opportunity to hear the gospel?

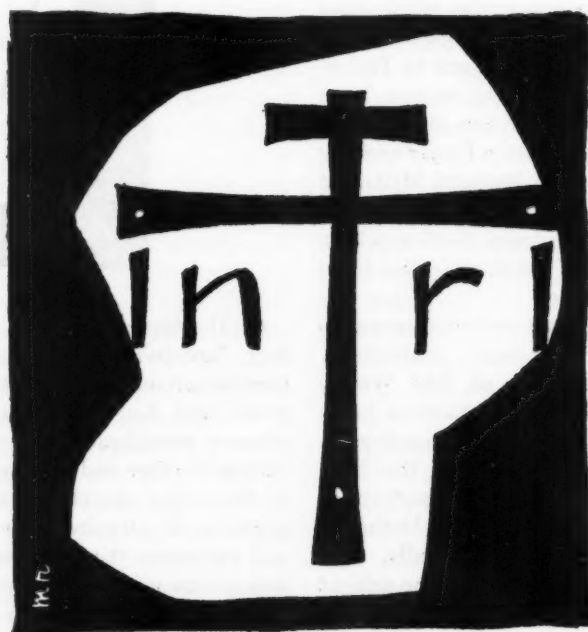
Professor Rist objects to the resurrection of the Nicene Creed in *The Wesley Orders* partly on the grounds that this creed is difficult now for even well-educated Methodists to understand. Whether one favors the use of the Nicene Creed by Methodists or not, ought not the question concerning it be restated? It would seem that the question ought not to be, is it easy to understand? but rather, does it preserve essential Christian truth which should be appropriated either in this form or some other? This is the crucial question regarding the usefulness of any creed, ancient or modern. In this connection it might be pointed out that Affirmation of Faith Number II on page 512 of the present *Methodist Hymnal* totally ignores the death and resurrection of Christ which in the New Testament are counted as central to the gospel.

Consequently it seems somewhat ironical that this formulary is designated as an expression of the faith of the "Apostolic" church.

In his article Professor Rist describes a communion ritual of his own devising in which he includes a prayer traditionally assigned to St. Francis of Assisi. One wonders if this does not vitiate to some degree his criticism of *The Wesley Orders* as promoting anti-quarianism in worship. However, it must be recognized that there is an attitude widely shared among Protestants of our day which I might dub as "*archaeophobia*," the attitude that if it's old it's outmoded and should be replaced. This is a familiar theme in popular present-day secular thought which was expressed a generation ago in Henry Ford's salty phrase, "History is bunk!" I might note, by the way, that nowhere more prominently than in the design of the modern automobile has this philosophy been so practically demonstrated. One can only pray, consequently, that as important as fresh insights are for the continued vitality of public worship, this view will not take complete command of those who plan Christian public worship so that every new worship service, like next year's car, will be different without being necessarily better.

TO return to the function of public worship in the fostering of ecumenical Christianity, it should be noted that ecumenicity has a dimension in time as important as that in space. If the great Pauline symbol of the Body of Christ, or Jesus' own symbol of the vine and the branches is to continue to mean anything, then we Christians have to recognize not only the validity of our own experience of God through Christ, but also that of our Christian brethren of the fourteenth century, and of the fourth. In every Christian century creeds and established forms of worship are among the chief instruments for the conserving of this precious heritage of common Christian experience. Even though in appropriating this heritage we must endeavor to winnow the wheat from the chaff, yet we must undertake this task for the sake of promoting the continued life and health of the Christian faith rather than throwing the task over as a bad job. Whatever its limitations ought we not welcome *The Wesley Orders* as a helper in this task?

Professor Rist's query concerning whether *The Wesley Orders* does not present services "too much restricted to biblical passages" compels me to draw forth from my own private





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chamber of ecclesiastical horrors a story I once heard. It concerns a young minister who between the pages of his wedding ritual slipped quotations from Gibran's *The Prophet* which without comment or explanation he read in place of some of the appointed scriptural passages. Granted that there is a sameness about the Bible, yet it has been the common experience of Christians through the ages that God has somehow continued to reveal himself in an ever fresh and personal way to those who have returned over and over again to the Bible. In this connection also Professor Rist expresses concern that in Methodist worship we should continue to emphasize the sermon, giving it sufficient importance and time "so that the preacher may be able to develop a significant theme or topic for the instruction, edification, help, and inspiration of his people."

One must agree that in Protestant worship the sermon as the exposition of the word of God is to be granted a place of primacy. One wonders, however, if Professor Rist is concerned lest *The Wesley Orders* would restrict the service too much to biblical passages whether he would feel the same misgivings concerning consistently biblical, not to say expository, preaching. Many present-day preachers do seem to have such misgivings, otherwise there might be less evidence in many modern sermons of the endless scramble for "topics" for preaching. The Apostle Paul is still worthy of emulation by the preacher: "For what we preach is not ourselves, but Jesus Christ as Lord, with ourselves as your servants for Jesus' sake" (2 Cor. 4: 5, RSV).

One also must agree with Professor Rist's concern that Methodists should emphasize rather than minimize congregational singing. But here again modern Methodists are depriving themselves of the largest bulk of their own peculiar heritage, the hymns of Charles Wesley. The present *Methodist Hymnal* contains only fifty-six of the estimated more than seven thousand hymns written by Wesley, hymns glowing with the evangelical fervor which gave force to the original Wesleyan movement. What if some of



these might be dated as to language or ideas, surely all are not, and some at least are as good or better than ones we now use. With respect to their contemporary relevance, at least one present-day Methodist, Professor Franz Hildebrandt of Drew University, confesses that he was brought to Methodism through the influence of the Wesley hymns. The Wesley Society is making available in this country *The Wesley Hymnbook*, containing 154 hymns, mainly Charles Wesley's, with different tunes for each and suggestions of familiar alternatives. It is an excellent resource for Methodists, and only one dollar a copy!

**A**NOTHER objection expressed to the use of *The Wesley Orders* is that it might create a pattern of mechanical uniformity in Methodist worship. Whenever any type of worship service becomes mechanical then it is subject to criticism. What is more mechanical than the endless tinkering with the service of public worship which seems to be an obsession with some ministers? When a docile congregation has become thoroughly accustomed to having a minister "redo" the morning worship service, perhaps oftener than the church kitchen is repainted, it is little wonder if that

congregation tends to think of the worship service as a kind of hobby of the preacher, a necessary preliminary to be got through in preparation for the main event, the preaching.

In criticism of the fact that Dr. Hobbs gives the name, Prayer of Absolution to the prayer following the General Confession, Professor Rist asks, "Is there a place in our Methodism of today for any priestly office called absolution, even though it differs from both the Catholic and Episcopal absolutions?" The answer to this depends upon one's doctrine of the ministry about which there seems to be great uncertainty among present-day Methodist ministers. Yet John Wesley evidently had no doubt concerning the importance of the priestly function of his ministry. The solemn assumptions he felt himself forced to make regarding the authority of his own ministry in the ordaining of superintendents for the church in America give evidence of this. Yet since today Wesley's authority in any matter except the "warmed heart" is little sought by Methodists, perhaps this observation may seem to have little force. However, the established form of the Methodist cultus would seem to require that a Methodist min-



ister accept his priestly responsibility. A formal repudiation of this responsibility, painful to some of us, is the inclination of some of our ministers to serve the Lord's Supper "cafeteria style" with the elements unadministered by the minister, but rather self-served by the communicants at the altar rail. While we may have deep respect for those churches which maintain a completely lay ministry, this is not the Methodist tradition. A Methodist minister has a truly priestly function which makes him more than an institutional program-director.

Even if one should doubt the propriety of calling any Methodist prayer a prayer of "absolution," is there any escape from the concept and necessity of absolution itself, by whatever term it may be called? Professor Rist in describing the communion ritual which he composed mentions that following the words of Assurance by the minister ("there is no prayer of Absolution!"). If we sin do we then absolve ourselves and reassure ourselves? The New Testament does not suggest this. The present stress in the Protestant church on pastoral counseling reflects the perennial need of man for confession and forgiveness, and demonstrates the modern recognition of an ancient Christian discovery, that the sinner cannot forgive himself, and that the minister in his priestly function still mediates the word of God's forgiveness.

THE final point to consider is Professor Rist's urging that in place of regressive imitateness we should practice progressive creativity in "composing worship services for our own use which have dignity, beauty, and religious meaning." We can agree in principle, but so much depends on what is meant by "creativity in worship." I have discussed sufficiently already the dangers which lie in the minister's expressing his own subjective preferences in devising services of worship. Innovations in worship should be governed by the wide common experience of Christians as to

what are the fundamental demands of all worship so that the forms may truly aid in the community of worship.

Under the heading of progressive creativity Dr. Rist questions the desirability of Methodists observing the traditional ecclesiastical year. He says, "We already have an ecclesiastical year," then mentions New Year's, National Family Week, Memorial Day, Methodist Student Day, and other similar observances in illustration of his point. Apart from the worthiness of any of these observances it is a grievous travesty to equate them with the ecclesiastical year. It is the very reversal of the fundamental concept of worship: "worth-ship," celebration of the worth, holding up in the highest esteem God himself. The least that can be said of the traditional ecclesiastical year is that each observance within it is a public recognition of some great work of God: Advent (the incarnation of Christ); Epiphany (the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles); Ascension Day; and so on. The only thing that can be said of Dr. Rist's "ecclesiastical year" is that every observance within it, except for the traditional Christian days, is the affirmation of some purely human desire, ambition, or project.

THIS may give us a clue to the decline in significance of much present-day Protestant worship, the tendency in worship to celebrate ourselves, our own human desires and goals rather than to humble ourselves and glorify God. In this day of the glorification of man and his achievements, the Christian church has no more important office to fulfill than through teaching and worship to recall to all of us that now as ever of old the "chief end of man is to glorify God and to enjoy him forever." Simply to return to older forms of worship will not necessarily accomplish this, but if such a book as *The Wesley Orders* serves to help us rediscover the central meaning of worship then it will have performed a good work among us.

# JOACHIM PROBST:

## HE CAUSES YOU TO TREMBLE

BY ROGER ORTMAYER

PHOTOS BY O. E. NELSON, N.Y., AND  
THE COLLECTOR'S GALLERY, N.Y.

**T**HERE have been times in Western culture when the symbols of Christendom have had such power that men have trembled when confronted by them. Not only did these men stand in awe when the signs appeared; but what they stood for was so self-defining that men knew their very existence was at stake.

Since the Renaissance the decisive control of Christian symbols has languished. At certain moments a revival of their power has been witnessed, soon to be dissipated. Man has been so under the control of cause-and-effect analysis, quantitative and inductive reasoning, that the powerfully existential signs of Christendom have been avoided, for self-protection, if no other reason.

When Rembrandt painted "The Night Watch" in 1642, the good burghers of Amsterdam were faced with such a threat. Instead of seeing their Sunday faces, when the picture was unveiled, they stared at their judgment faces. Men who are busy making money, seeking status, and searching for the signs of success by which to comfort themselves, are not pleased when faced with a judgment they cannot manipulate. It horrifies them. It searches out the areas of life they prefer to ignore.

In "self-protection" the burghers took action. They banished Rembrandt from their attention and their largess. While Rembrandt kept on painting, nobody was buying. But because he was Rembrandt he painted continuously. It was in this period of ignominy that Rembrandt used the powerfully effective symbols of Christendom in such manner that the work of the Christ-intoxicated artist probed the hidden recesses of life with an insinuating kind of lustre

that leaves us painfully happy. A significant kind of revelation has taken place.

Again, today, some artists have found in the biblical imagery those tremendous symbols that help them to speak. We find them searching the anguish of creation and judgment, the pain and the fulfillment of love, the paths of failure and the illumination of the Holy Spirit. Against the tottering ruins of a bloody civilization they paint the Cross; in the misery of war they paint the Resurrection; in the greed of the market place they paint the one who chases the moneygrabbers out; among the covetous they paint the martyr.

It is not often, however, that the symbol itself is sufficient. Usually a commentary is provided so that the irony of pretension and absurd fulfillment is presented and we are once again too poignantly aware of our failures. But to let the image of the symbol itself be solitary upon the canvas, for that we are not prepared, except for occasional and sentimental Sunday school illustration.

One of the few contemporaries willing to deal with the ultimate symbols themselves is Joachim Probst. The Christ, the Mother, David, Bathsheba . . . and Ahab. These are the figures that loom potently in his work.

With them he attempts no stories. He never pictures David in some theatrical situation. The Madonna is never surrounded with all the marvelous array of heavenly hosts and earthly splendor, characteristic, for instance, of counterreformation art. The old and slightly ribald story of



David and Bathsheba is not told, but we get one look at Probst's Bathsheba and we know something we have never realized before. Ahab is never painted against the drama of the sea. The drama is completely interior. But I can think of no other painter whose work I have witnessed who has told me so much about the life possessed by a terrifying and driving demon.

And his Christ. . . . The Golden Christ, the Crystal Christ . . . the Blue Christ . . . the Bull Christ. Just the Christ figure itself. Nothing else is needed; anything else would make a less mighty image. It is the Christ who causes me to tremble . . . to tremble in my weakness, for this Christ on the Cross has paralyzed my drive to self-fulfillment, muzzled my shout of triumph, becrippled, maimed, even unsinewed me.

Joachim Probst is not unlike his demigod, Rembrandt. One can hardly call Rembrandt his hero, for no hero does quite what Probst claims the Dutchman has done to him: "Today Rembrandt pushed me off a cliff!" But in Rembrandt's kind of vision, Probst finds a parallel sight. Once, he says, Rouault worried him; but no longer. It is only Rembrandt he really fears.

Joachim Probst is the kind of painter for whom there is no real existence away from his easel. Anything that separates him from painting is an antagonist, violently and desperately fought. Uncle Sam could not do it during the war. . . . "Can't you get it through your head? I'm not a soldier, I'm a painter!" Even *Life* magazine seems to have met a vigorous antagonist. . . . "Don't let those photographers and such back in my studio. . . . I can't paint with them around!"

Why is it that a painter who has never had a major one-man show, who is hardly known outside a tiny circle of admirers, gets first mention among contemporaries by certain renowned critics? It has even been reported that Malraux has said he shows the most promise among American artists working today.

The answer to this is in the emotive vigor of his art. "I'd sell my daughter just to own one of those canvasses!" said a young artist of considerable reputation when he looked at the work of Probst. "I'll be haunted for the rest of my life," said another.

"Christ painter, go away," was the epithet hurled at Probst by some of the Greenwich Village habitués who paint, apeing the mannerisms of the really great among the subjectivist painters. No visual image enters their powerfully emotional work. So Probst left their taunts; but now the masters are pushing the lesser over and making room for the Christ painter who uses the mighty contemporary idiom that almost all other painters have found themselves incapable of handling with any but nonobjective work. His strokes of knife and brush have the emotional authority of Kline or De Kooning. They are so intensely powerful in feeling that Van Gogh's work is a not unlikely comparison. And out comes a looming visual image. . . .

. . . A Christian symbol that has defining power among us. . . . Probst proves it can be done in 1959.

For too long art, like religion, has addressed itself to the situations of comfort. Somewhere art must show us the absolute struggle with the real.

To attempt to tranquilize or beguile at this point is the art of betrayal.

CHRIST IN SORROW, 1957, OIL ON CANVAS, 48"x40"  
THE COLLECTOR'S GALLERY, N.Y.



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THE CRYSTAL CHRIST, 1957, OIL ON CANVAS  
COLLECTION OF MR. AND MRS. ROGER E. ORTMAYER, DALLAS

**Iconlike, the figure looms mysterious and powerful. Uniconlike, the mystery attempts no answer, only a terrible probing of existence.**

Probst fights Christ. He takes the pose of death on the Cross and makes of this such an issue—sometimes violent, sometimes haunting—that we are shown the rent veil of the Holy of Holies.

**Search into the night. . .**

Strangely, Probst's painting is unpredictable to himself. He piles on the paint, tears it off, and the surprise is uncovered, revealed.



BULL CHRIST #1, 1957, OIL ON CANVAS, 50"x40"

COURTESY, THE COLLECTOR'S GALLERY, 49 W. 53RD ST., NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

October 1959



CHRIST BETWEEN TWO THIEVES, 1954, IN  
COURTESY, THE COLLECTOR'S GALLERY,

PURPLE CRUCIFIX, 1958  
OIL ON CANVAS, 50"x20"  
COURTESY, THE COLLECTOR'S GALLERY, N.Y.



WO THIS 1954, INK AND WASH DRAWING, 20"x29"  
LECTORALLERY, N.Y.

**Who dares to stare in the face of the Son of God? . . . and live!**

, N.Y.

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October 1959

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DESCENT FROM THE CROSS, 1942, OIL  
ON CANVAS, 80"x54"  
COURTESY, THE COLLECTOR'S GALLERY, N.Y.

When an artist is sufficiently arrogant to paint Christ (an artist, I said, not the flap-doodle commercialist who, if you tore off the whiskers from his "Christ" you would find the visage that stimulates the endocrine glands of the adolescent readers of **Seventeen**) . . . when an artist is sufficiently arrogant to paint Christ you have a man who has known heaven and hell . . . possibly, as William Blake insisted, he is witness to their marriage.

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JOACHIM PROBST IN HIS STUDIO







JOACHIM PROBST

"I was born September 1, 1913, in New York City. Self-taught. Through my endeavor to seek self-esteem I became a misanthrope with a firm hand on delusion. This brilliance soon introduced me into poverty, and with so fearful a future granted me I coined and struck this phrase, 'Art is the stand against decay.' And with this in mind I entered my paradise of immortality. And with this paradise came my hell. And in hell I called on Satan.

O noble Son of God.  
 'Consider my madness.  
 I am a lunatic without an asylum,  
 Even a cripple without a crutch,  
 Surely the angels must weep for me.'

"I feared, I trembled, and I painted. I stood in dark places (clothed in black) calling, 'Would'st that I could take a sure step in a sure direction.' Alas Satan spoke. 'God thou shalt never know, guilt is thy name. Art thou shalt have, best be thy lot an instrument to uphold the faith, Art thou shalt have. Sing thee Christ forever. Will is woe, woe is thy will, change "me" to "I," brevity is thy purity—Seek the pact, turn not from gloomy madness. Despair is thy mother.'"

From a statement in *Contemporary American Painting and Sculpture*, University of Illinois, 1959. pp. 256-257.



CHRIST IN THORNS, 1956, OIL ON MASONITE, 40"x30"  
COLLECTION OF DR. LODEWIJK LEK  
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## EXPOSITION ON 'CHRIST IN THORNS'

BY ALICE MALMUDE

TO undertake a critical analysis of a painting one loves is not easy in the least. It is like telling a confidante all the mysteries and subtleties of a lover, all the while knowing that the very heart and depth of the enchantment is the thing you daren't touch upon at all. But this fearful hesitation is swept aside by the greater need to share.

Perhaps it is best to begin with an attempt at classification. I label Probst a **mystic expressionist**. This bears some explanation since **abstract expressionism** also contains within it the meaning of mysticism, where there is a total release from the bondage of material and worldly things, and where the painting excites a spiritual experience. "The New American Painting," put out by the Museum of Modern Art, has given this meaning to the paintings by Franz Kline and Robert Motherwell, "an event that starts like a poem by Ezra Pound and ends with a statute for the investigation of the space of the universe."<sup>1</sup> This is mysticism, but it is quite a different sort of spiritual involvement than that which one experiences when looking at Joachim Probst. Their mysticism is the kind that an agnostic scientist might experience in delving into the abstractions of the quantum theory and who, in nameless awe and momentary humility will cross himself for want of something more meaningful to latch onto. It is a strong, virile, daring, fearless, shouting, poetic, shattering kind of mysticism. It is wonderfully extrovert, it accomplishes.

But Probst's mysticism seeks another road. It is turned inward, it is a mountain weeping, it adorns with glorious richness, it is self-contained like the soul of tragic mankind. It is the most profoundly moving conception of God carrying the burden of lost mankind I have ever experienced.

You enter the painting to your left with a strong white direction, and as you are drawn around and back and in again, you come to rest at the

point of greatest meaning, the volcanic passion that heaves in ultimate aloneness, the aloneness that no one ever can share. This is a spiritual experience that has to do with **you**; it has no active element in it of curiosity, wonder, stars, constellations, or galaxies. It has to do with the infinity of soul, of feeling, of suffering, of bearing, of patience, of grandeur, of being and then of not-being. As a powerful expression of being and not-being, it must therefore be held and enclosed within the frame, within the form, as it is, and expressed along a path culminating at white heat within a point, as the heart lies suffering within the breast.

**P**ROBST is a diviner of the soul. When men begin to search their souls again, they will understand. Christ is not the subject matter of his paintings. The subject matter is the soul of mankind as seen through the soul of Probst. The content is a form of abstractionism, abstractionism aesthetically limited within a formal symbol recognizable to all civilizations, but pointed at the Western civilization. This dedication to the knowledgeable symbol suggests the moralist—an intrinsic concern with values.

Looking at the painting, all at once again, after having been led on along the path, in and out of the main movement, a wonder-sense of over-all weight, poise, balance, largeness, and of this entire mass growing from a deep base, is experienced in a peculiarly consoling way. This feeling of rightness contrasted by the emotional strength of powerful introspection as the eye moves again to the sought mass on the left off-center has the effect of heightening each state of feeling and combining finally toward an overpowering discovery. How is this done? The described main "states" could never be accomplished if they were not enriched and orchestrated along the way. This is felt through color movement, volume tension, plane movement, passionate counterthrust strokes, and texture playing its part

in each rivulet, uniting to pronounce a final statement.

The two white paths move along the picture plane which are somewhat behind the red-blue-purple mass occupying the surface plane to the low right, and are grasped by a form which has an organic relationship to the twisting, receding volume, propelling you higher and farther left toward an inner recession. This path of movement now becomes even more definite and strong, for it is flanked above by simpler textured white-yellow which has a knowing ability of scanning three planes at a sweep. The eye is seduced to follow this rim to a far upper left corner which recedes in space, descending still deeper behind the solid sphere which spirals in upon itself toward its area of destination, a convulsive white ridged mass which extends and withdraws in purple-blue-white turmoil.

Once is not enough, you make the tour in and out, again and again, stopping to drink in the jeweled splendor of colors crashing against each other in active interplay, feeling the blood of red, the amethyst of treasure, the yellow in gold, and the flame of passion. And when you have a moment you marvel that the painting can be divided by an imaginary line from upper left to lower right, which is predominantly dark and rich to the left, and glittering and brilliant to the right, and with another look you feel good that these opposing sections are moving differently from each other.

**N**OW you become aware that a rich and somber form is emerging closer to you from its deeper origins, at the left lower corner, and the fresh pure, and calmer white space in the upper right comes forward to be balanced by the white initial thrust, opposing your imaginary line. You notice with pleasure too that the space behind the head at the left is deliciously deep, and the white is noticeable, but not too bold.

You look deeper and you become lost in earth-crust mystery mingling with man-agony and God-tragedy.

<sup>1</sup> Will Grohman, "Der Tagesspiegel," *The New American Painting*, Museum of Modern Art, p. 10.



# THE ARMY GETS ITS WAY

BY JOHN M. SWOMLEY

**A** BILL extending the peacetime draft for another four years has passed in the House and the Senate with only 23 dissenting votes. It would be only reasonable to assume that legislation vitally affecting the lives of so many millions of young citizens, and reaffirming a drastic departure from the traditional American aversion to peacetime conscription, could pass Congress by such an overwhelming vote only if it were a critical necessity to the military security of the nation. But a careful examination of the background and purpose of the peacetime draft reveals no such compelling necessity.

The record, instead, produces inescapable evidence that the inception and the perpetuation of the peacetime draft can be laid at the feet of Army officers who are adamant advocates of conscription. The officers who determine Army policy do not want a system of inducements and persuasion so characteristic of civilian America. They prefer compulsion.

Both the Navy and the Air Force, however, prefer volunteers. They prefer the voluntary method not only because they want willing rather than unwilling sailors and airmen but also because they prefer longer-term enlistments.

Lieutenant General Emmett O'Donnell, head of Air Force Personnel when



the draft was renewed in 1955, said, "We have got to have four-year men. If we were forced to the two-year draft it would be the end of the Air Force." He indicated that the Air Force could use only long-term enlistees because of the extensive training required to master the highly complex technology of modern military weapons.

More recently, Air Force Major General Harold R. Maddux argued against renewing the draft in 1959 because "it is impossible to provide the

required state of instant readiness with men who don't want to be in the armed forces."

That these are not isolated expressions of opinion is seen from an article in the December, 1953, *Air Force Magazine* in which Brigadier General Bonner Fellers stated that "ever since General George C. Marshall became Army Chief of Staff in September, 1939, our defense policy has been strongly influenced by ground officers who advocated compulsory universal service. The Navy and Air Force, how-

motive

ever, have gone along most reluctantly. In fact, were they free to express themselves, the Navy and Air Force would actively oppose" such compulsory training.

It might be easy to explain this conflict in the Defense Department by saying that the Navy and Air Force need skilled men whereas the Army needs large numbers of relatively unskilled riflemen. But this is not the case. A report to the Secretary of Defense in 1957 by a committee of which Ralph Cordiner was chairman indicates that all of the armed forces are using machinery that "is becoming ever more fantastically complex." This, said the Cordiner Report, means that "we must move forward from a concern with numbers to a deeper concern for quality and for retention of skilled personnel for an extended period of productive service."

Or it might be easy to explain the Army position by saying that the Army is less attractive to potential volunteers than the Navy or Air Force. But a Youth Research Institute poll of high-school boys published in the December 4, 1958, *Des Moines Tribune* suggested the contrary. Seventy-four per cent of high-school boys thought the draft should be discontinued and 32 per cent said they might make a career of the armed forces if the pay scale were similar to that of industry. Thirty-one per cent chose the Army as the best branch for active service, 23 per cent the Navy, 12 per cent the Marines, and 10 per cent the Air Force.

General Lewis Hershey, who took over for the Army on a permanent basis a Selective Service System that was originally intended to be temporary and under civilian control, has claimed that the Army can't get, by a voluntary method, the men it needs.

But a recently retired Army officer now serving on the House Armed Services Committee, Representative Frank Kowalski of Connecticut, said February 8, 1959, that the Army would probably not need the draft if it would stop wasting manpower by using thousands of enlisted men as houseboys, maids, and chauffeurs.

THE Air Force attitude about the draft being needed for a large establishment was summarized by Major General Kenneth B. Hobson in December, 1953, when he was director of Manpower Operations for the Air Force. He said that before using the draft the Air Force would hire civilians to do support and supply jobs that did not require combat-trained persons.

If the Army had the same attitude, as many as several hundred thousand men, who now serve in noncombat or supply positions as cooks, typists, bookkeepers, truck drivers, and maintenance personnel, could be replaced by civilians.

The Cordiner Report also assumed that the armed forces could be reduced and Cordiner himself thought the draft could be ended if there were sufficient voluntary inducements. The Report pointed out that prior to the Korean War, when conscription was not in effect, the armed forces consisted of 1,500,000 men, and 60 per cent of the enlisted members were reenlisting. But by 1957, when the draft had become a part of the Army pattern, 97 out of every 100 draftees were leaving the armed forces when their term was up and 76 per cent of all first-term men were leaving at the end of their initial period of service.

John Kenneth Galbraith, professor of economics at Harvard, points out that "the use of the draft to supply military manpower is based on two assumptions, both of which . . . are now obsolete." The first is the idea that "manpower must be procured cheaply" and the second is the assumption that military service is so dangerous that it must be distributed equally among all the young men of the nation.

Peacetime military service is no more dangerous than civilian work, Galbraith adds, and "it is by no means certain now that in the event of war service in the armed forces would involve much more risk of death than residence in Manhattan."

The generals, however, have always believed everyone but themselves to be out of step on the matter of conscription. During World War II the War Department insisted that a labor

draft was essential despite the opposition of Paul McNutt, chairman of the War Manpower Commission and the combined opposition of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, the AFL, and the CIO.

The War Department even refused to let the War Manpower Commission survey manpower needs in plants operated by the armed forces, so as to verify alleged labor shortages. Nonetheless the Army continued to spread rumors of production shortages. Donald Nelson, head of the War Production Board, said that these "rumors about a production crisis in this country lowered the morale of our soldiers and raised the morale of the enemy." He pointed out that "there was no such thing as a production crisis."

What the Army wanted, wrote John Fischer in the May, 1945, *Harper's*, was "control over labor vested in military hands rather than the War Manpower Commission." The labor draft was not adopted and events demonstrated that it was not at all "essential" as the Army had claimed.

The Army also insisted that a



nurses draft was needed during World War II. Its case was made plausible for a brief time when in December, 1943, it lowered its quota from 50,000 to 40,000 nurses, leaving only 3,500 to be recruited by June, 1954, thus causing the American Nurses Association to drop its plans for a voluntary registration of nurses. The Office of War Information also dropped its plans to push recruiting by a public information campaign.

After these voluntary programs were halted the Army raised its quota to 50,000 and again insisted on a draft. But recruits poured in in such numbers that the quota of 50,000 was reached while hearings before the House Military Affairs Committee were still being held on the nurses draft.

The Army, undaunted, raised the quota to 60,000. And once again, by the time the Senate was ready to act that quota was so nearly reached that the Senate would not even consider the matter.

In the postwar period the Army did its best to justify a draft in 1946 and 1947. On September 26, 1946, the Army ordered the discharge of an estimated 300,000 men six months before their normal release date. In spite of this, recruiting was so successful that on October 11 the Army announced the cancellation of all draft calls for the rest of the year. From July 1, 1946, to March 31, 1947, when the draft ended, Selective Service spent \$22,878,000 to draft 19,798 men—a cost of \$1,155 per man.

**T**HE Army's biggest conscription effort was the drive to get Universal Military Training. The Army insisted again and again that the purpose of UMT was to build up a large trained reserve. During this Army campaign for UMT General Evans, the executive director of the Reserve Officers Association, pointed out that in 1951 there were more than 2,500,000 officers and men in the Reserves on a voluntary basis. While the drive for a larger compulsory reserve was under way, the Defense Department ordered cutbacks in the voluntary reserve program and in 1950 placed a ceiling of 350,000 on the National Guard after

voluntary recruiting had brought the Guard to a total of 365,515 officers and men.

When Universal Military Training was defeated the Army sought a compulsory reserve by other means and Congress complied in the Reserve Forces Act of 1955. The Army also asked for a six-month voluntary program followed by seven and one-half years (later reduced to five and one-half years) in the reserves so that boys might enter this as an alternative to a two-year draft. The Army hoped that with the draft hanging over their heads boys would volunteer in large numbers to escape the draft. Thus the Army would be able to get thousands of boys who otherwise would slip through its fingers because of low draft calls.

President Eisenhower in his Budget message January 19, 1959, asked for an extension of the special six-month program as a means of supplying the reserves and at the same time requested removal of the "mandatory minimum strength" which he termed "entirely inconsistent with a policy of promptly adjusting our military forces and concepts to rapidly changing world conditions and revolutionary advances in science and technology."

The plain truth is that the Army could easily get, by the voluntary method and without any draft threat, a much larger reserve than the Army is willing to maintain.

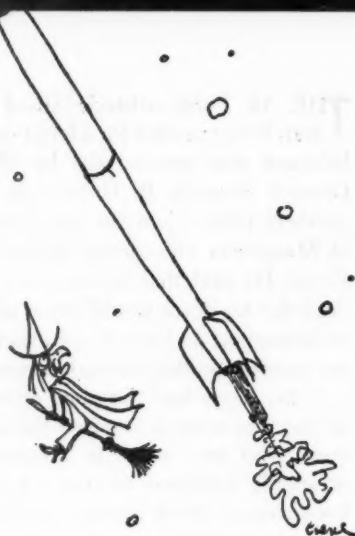
The President in his Budget message was evidently referring to the fact that reserves are of little use in the event of nuclear war. General

LeMay in January, 1959, told the House Armed Services Committee that "the decisive phase" of a nuclear war would "end within two or three days" and "there certainly won't be any large-scale military operations" after that. He indicated that reserves might be useful "if they are able to get out there on very short notice, in an hour or a few hours. . . ." How reserves could function that rapidly when in previous wars it took weeks and months to mobilize them the General did not say.

In the event of a smaller "brushfire" war, if the reserves are required at all, there would be no need for a greater number than the reserves and National Guard have hitherto easily been able to raise solely by volunteering.

Walter Millis, the military historian, in criticizing the "six months plus" program and the compulsory reserve said: "Even if we should again be required to mobilize great masses of manpower, comparable to the 15,000,000 raised in 1941-45 most of them would have to be trained to complex technical skills not usually acquirable from the kind of training one gets in boot camp or in National Guard and reserve divisions."

**I**T is difficult for the Army to abandon a conscript program which for twenty years it has claimed is essential. Undoubtedly Army officers have



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come to believe their own propaganda that there is something inherently good and democratic in the requirement that every citizen serve his country—the Army way.

The Army leadership also thinks that military training is good for the boys and will teach them a brand of citizenship they won't get in the homes, schools, and churches of America. The National Security Training Commission, on which two military officers served, said of compulsory military training: "The theory behind this proposal with which we do not disagree is that a period of military training is of intrinsic benefit to the nation even if a percentage of those trained cannot qualify for the reserve. . . ."

Among the advantages of compulsory training the Commission listed "indoctrination . . . upon the principles of duty to country and good citizenship" and "a heightened sense of national unity and purpose." It also said young men would be told the facts of their world and the proper mental outlook, to face the most basic of human challenges."

But aside from such indoctrination there are very practical reasons why the Army wants conscription as a permanent feature of American life. Army officers have a vested interest in maintaining a large establishment which requires a sizable officer trainer corps for every new group of draftees. The larger the establishment the greater are the chances for promotion. The Selective Service System itself provides berths and prestige for additional officers. Moreover, the draft guarantees a steady stream of men for the Army in spite of abuses, poor leadership, and a caste system where volunteer officers are well paid while drafted enlisted men earn less than \$100 a month. Dr. Eli Ginzberg, director of staff studies for the National Manpower Council, has said, "The trouble with the system is that there is a tendency for the defense management to seek the remedy for its errors by the simple method of calling up more manpower."

The nation pays dearly for the

Army's addiction to conscription and Congressional responsiveness to Army demands. The Cordiner Report estimated that the accident rate in the armed forces is so high because of inexperienced men manning intricate weapons or equipment; close to 5 billion dollars' worth of equipment is not now operable. As Cordiner pointed out, the advance in "modern war technology makes it almost impossible to train a specialist in two years."

The losses to the nation when young men are forced to postpone their education, or family plans, or are drafted shortly after marriage, or forced to go to useless reserve drill twice a week while carrying a heavy load of college or graduate work are simply incalculable.

The dangers to world peace from military indoctrination of every class of draftees and all those coerced into a compulsory reserve are likewise immeasurable.



THE ONLY WAY TO PEACE IS TO BLOW UP THE WARMONGERS

*Crane*

**N**OW that the Army has prevailed upon Congress to renew a draft law that nobody else seems to want, and nobody, including the Army, needs, we are in for four more years of conscription. Senator Morse's effort to limit the bill to two years was defeated. A separate bill was adopted in July, 1959, to extend the "six months plus" program.

Compulsory reserve duty for all those who complete either their two-year draft or short-term enlistment periods is permanent legislation and can be ended only by a new bill specifically repealing it.

Under whatever form, conscription, in itself, implies a wartime posture no peace-loving people should long endure. It is, as General Jan Smuts once observed, "the taproot of militarism." As such it has no place in peacetime America and should speedily be abandoned.

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# THE COMMUNIST YOUTH

**A**N old communist functionary in New York once explained to me why the Hebrews of the Exodus, after "the greatest walk-out in history," were required to spend forty years wandering in the wilderness before being allowed to occupy the Promised Land. The reason was that it was necessary for the former generation to die off, taking with it the slave mentality and freeing the youth to become the New Man of the land of milk and honey.

So it was, he said, with every great revolution: the older generation must first pass away, so that the youth can grow into a new style and pattern. Whatever we may think of the biblical exegesis involved in this incident, there is no doubt but that it affords a sound clue to interpreting the orthodox communist view of history and the relationship between the generations.

When the Russian Revolution entered its "positive phase," to be dated about 1922, Lenin was 52, Trotsky was 43, Stalin was 43, Zinoviev was 39, Kamenev was 39, Bukharin was 34, and Karl Radek was 37. As communism was established by conquest during and after World War II, the returning emigres (those communist leaders of Eastern Europe who fled to Moscow during the Nazi conquest, but who returned after the war to run things in the puppet governments) sought to appeal to the youth in setting up their governments. A determined effort was made to drive a wedge between the youth and students and their parents, to raise up a new generation with no preconditioning by the traditions of the past.

In Czechoslovakia, the land of Thomas Masaryk, to whom "tradition was never the dead hand of the past pressing down upon the present, but a covenant of fathers and sons," the capable and cooperative youth were sorted out and paid good salaries to go on in school and train themselves

as servants of the state. In this land, where the bitter memory of the betrayal at Munich still overshadows all politics, there have been few signs to date of open resistance. In other satellites, however, there have been dramatic and sometimes violent reactions to communist bureaucratic pressure.

In June, 1953, the people of communist East Germany revolted against their rulers, and did not stop until twenty Russian tank divisions moved in and crushed their demonstrations. In October, 1956, the people of Hungary rose in violent revolution which was only subdued by the liquidation of the legitimate government and the slaughter of untold thousands of patriots. In the East German revolt of 1953, and even more in the Hungarian revolt of 1956, considerable numbers of *Russian* soldiers deserted their own commanders and fought with the patriot forces.

But the significant facts, the facts which produced a shock wherever orthodox communists and their fellow travelers gathered, were these: 1) in East Germany it was the working class which went out of the factories and shops to demonstrate and fight in the streets; 2) in Hungary it was the youth and students above all who rallied to fight the occupation with home-made weapons and stolen Russian equipment. The results have been felt for several years, for until the first of this year there was a marked slackening of pressure on the laborers, youth and students of the satellite areas. The high point of the "thaw" was, of course, Khrushchev's at-

tempted "de-Stalinization" of Marxist history within Russia itself. During the temporary and slight relaxation, Poland was able for a time to achieve a measure of freedom of motion.

Now, however, there is mounting evidence that the time of shock and reflection has passed and that throughout the satellites a determined effort is being launched to enforce rigid conformity to the party line across the board. Again, it is the young people and older children who are called on to take the brunt of the attack. At Christmas time, 1956, newsmen were in Vienna and writing of their interviews with the fourteen- and fifteen-year-old boys who lay by the hundreds in the emergency wards—wounded, their homeland, Hungary, lost to the enemy, bitterly disappointed that the free West had not come to their aid. At Christmas time, 1958, the same reporters were talking with other young people in Berlin and learning of the dozens of prison and labor camp sentences recently meted out by the communists against youth and student leaders in the People's Republic of East Germany.

For several months now, in all the satellites, the Party has been attempting to restore functionaries to leading places in the colleges and universities, places which slipped from the control of the "leaders of the working class" in the two years following the Twentieth Party Congress. The class-conscious *numerus clausus* (quota system of the communist administrations of the universities, which gives preference to children of workers and discriminates against those of middle

# MUNTS AND THEIR

# U'H

BY FRANKLIN H. LITTELL



class and professional status) has again been introduced: only those pupils and students are preferred in applications and examinations who can establish their "proletarian origin." By this means the Party hopes to find among urban and rural proletariat enough youth without cultural tradition to create a New Generation.

THE items in the Party press show how dissatisfied the governments are with the youth and students on whom they have set the hope of their continuance. And they are quite right. A few weeks ago a "Gallup Poll" type of survey was carried out among the students in the colleges of Warsaw, planned to test the students' ideology and loyalties. On the general question, 70 per cent voted decisively for Socialism and only 1.9 per cent against it; 28.1 per cent were indifferent. More revealing, however, only 13 per cent registered themselves as "Marxists," and of these only 1.8 per cent as "convinced Marxists." In addition, 11.2 per cent indicated "Marxist preference." Thus, in a student body selected with utmost care by the Party, where continuance as a student has been dependent first of all upon avoiding outward evidence of dissatisfaction with authority, only one out of four students is today prepared to give a moderately satisfactory response to the Party. These students were selected in the first place to guarantee "class-consciousness." Most of them have never known anything but war and communist dictatorship. The nature of the situation, in spite of an apparently objective poll, left

no one in doubt as to the preferred answer. Yet they voted three to one against Marxist ideology and management of affairs.

When polled as to their values, positive returns were made on the following descending scale: human life, 88.9 per cent; the family, 81.8 per cent; my country, 81.6 per cent; human rights, 73.2 per cent; truth, 64 per cent; friends, 62 per cent; religion, 42 per cent; social ideals, 31 per cent. All these rated conspicuously higher than Marxism, and the claims of religion more than three times as high.

In a similar poll carried out in nine colleges in Krakow, the second most important educational center of Poland, Communist Party membership among students has fallen from 70 per cent May, 1957, to 3.9 per cent in March, 1958! Reports from other satellites are equally disturbing to communist governments. The Party press in Hungary, Rumania, Czechoslovakia and East Germany is filled with editorials and executive resolutions in sharp criticism of youth and students who would rather be "conservative and bourgeois" than revolutionary, who show themselves hostile to the Party functionaries and their ideology, who "carry on underground agitation" against the communist governments. The "Hungarian Socialist Workers Party" has publicly accused the students of national communism, reformism, revisionism, opportunism, dogmatism and cosmopolitanism.

IT is against this background that the present communist crusade to win youth and students in the East German "People's Republic" must be seen. The various puppet governments are making a concerted effort to recover the ground lost during the last two years. In East Germany, where the churches are the only remaining unbroken institutions (and have, most suspicious of all, organic connection with churches in West Germany and through the World Council of Churches around the world) the crisis has shaped up in a conflict between Christian confirmation and the heathen *Jugendweihe*—"youth dedication" service of the communists.



# my enemy

a poem by robert freimark



EYES OF THE BLIND

ANN WEISE

**M**Y enemy is not an ugly man.  
On the contrary he is very handsome.  
He might even be considered an ideal of American youth.  
My enemy is robust and healthy  
—Oh, he takes insulin  
And in that sense you might regard him a cripple;  
But it is only enough to extract  
That faint notion of pity—  
Wonder at his boundless energy,  
And a realization that we all bear crosses.

My enemy is no beggar.  
Matter of fact he's quite self-sufficient;  
He is no rag bag in squalor—  
He might even have stepped from the pages of *Life*  
Or the *Country Gentleman*.  
He is an able conversationalist  
And strategically stays in the middle of the road  
On any matter of import:  
He declines to discuss religion,  
Government, art, and the civil rights  
Or anything else involving people.

My enemy is no fool.  
He has a sprinkling of wide knowledge  
And a glib acquaintance with current events;  
In his speciality he's a walking encyclopedia.  
He is a pillar in the church  
Attending mass and community functions  
And the willing servant of committees.  
He is a razor-keen young blade  
Who has been honing a long time.  
Yet I never expected when I confronted the devil  
That he would be a stupid man.

motive

My enemy is well liked,  
Vitiating his personality  
With a quick smile and a quick step.  
He is enclosed in a fence of propriety  
And is a family man of reputation.  
He is for and never against;  
He is a joiner, a happy man  
Who stays abreast of fashion  
With a new car every year.

He is a cathedral of chastity  
With strong views toward vice.  
Oh, he is a ladies man himself,  
But not of his own doing.  
He has a staunch dislike for graft  
Among his subordinate fellows,  
Reminding himself it is his position  
To use the facilities of the department  
—That after all he is the department,  
And that he and the department both are public.

My enemy is thoroughly modern,  
His philosophy existential;  
My enemy has a warm handclasp  
And is very influential.  
He enjoys convincing one, for instance,  
That although he believes in no one else,  
He would stand by you to the death.  
My enemy has said publicly  
There is more than one way to cut a throat.  
My enemy's smile is well practiced.

He is a man who has made many friends;  
Attended the finest schools;  
My enemy can smell money.  
He is the first to disassociate  
From the unmannered or socially ostracized;  
He is adept at establishing minor fads.  
I think that my enemy and I had a common background:  
We were both close to the soil once,  
Understanding the earthy virtues.  
Yet he would sell you, and he would sell me,  
And be capably calm and step without qualm  
On your head as it sunk in the mud.

My enemy is generous,  
Bestowing his gifts where they do some good.  
While his left hand is slipping the knife  
His right hand is writing your recommendation.  
My enemy is not completely dishonest,  
For while he does not believe in Christ  
Still he believes in church.  
My enemy keeps the common touch,  
And likes to be regarded as poor,  
So he is rolling his cigarettes for two reasons.

My enemy is arrogant with subordinates,  
Putting them in their proper place  
Although he may say it hasn't been dug yet.  
He will profess to enjoy the arts:  
Good painting, poetry, and such  
So long as they don't pretend depth—  
Anything deep is merely a personal statement.  
He is a man who could rationalize  
The North is right and the South is right,  
Depending on where he was.  
My enemy will not take a stand,  
That is why it is so hard to pin him.

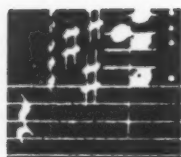
Maybe my enemy is pretty confused:  
He is a Christian preaching amnesty,  
He supports neither Castro nor Batista,  
He says the blacks will win  
But they've got to do it themselves,  
He will give foreign aid to Franco  
While he bitterly protests dictators,  
He says the government is rotten  
But we must keep the two-party system,  
He believes in equality of men  
While his kids go to all-white schools,  
He believes in the American way of life  
And enjoys its double standard,  
His ethics have drawn a line he cannot cross  
But he waits to commit himself.  
He is uplifted by Chinese Christians  
Admiring American Zen.

My enemy believes in democracy and the individual.  
He is a pillar of faith and a pool of doubts.  
I have told you I think he's a hatchet man—  
His victims his confident friends.  
He can smile and sneer at the same time.

I have never defeated my enemy,  
Though every day he has chopped me up  
And the little bits accumulate  
Like a pile of raked leaves.  
My enemy has collective strength,  
My protest is individual.  
My enemy is well situated  
Behind the meat of conformity;  
I do not think the individual will win,  
He is too outnumbered.

Maybe tomorrow I will snatch the hatchet  
Out of my enemy's hand,  
Hurl it into his hideous face,  
Bash, batter, and slash the mask away  
While I butcher and hew him to handling size  
To dissolve in acid.  
Not a solitary bone  
Must whiten into a relic.  
Maybe tomorrow I will get the strength—  
I should have done it yesterday.  
I could not stand resurrecting one more martyr.

I am aware of a single advantage:  
It is good that I know my enemy.  
I should like to blot out this scourge.  
But I wonder, if my enemy is myself,  
If I really have the courage.



# MUSIC

in review

by L. P. PHERIGO

## THE ORCHESTRA

I am much impressed by Karl Bohm's performance of Richard Strauss' tone-poem *Also Sprach Zarathustra* (Decca). The Berlin Philharmonic is a great orchestra, and plays magnificently for Bohm. The stereo disc is especially effective, and has no competition. Given the right listening mood, this music is very effective in a performance like this. The bombast and superficial traits of some parts of the score are here minimized (as they are not in Reiner's performance), and the lasting musical values emphasized. This ranks with the older Clemens Krauss performance in quality of interpretation, and excels it in orchestral playing and sound quality.

The *Orchestral Ravel* album (Westminster) contains all the orchestral works of Ravel, on three records. Manuel Rosenthal conducts the Orchestre National of Paris in performances which

are distinguished for their lightness and transparent clarity. The orchestra is on the small side and never calls attention to itself by impressive virtuosity, but it gives the music the limelight and produces performances that are rivaled most closely by Ansermet. But I think Rosenthal's *Ravel* is more poetic and consistently establishes more effectively the mood of the music. These performances will wear well, and are highly recommended.

Two recent versions of Mahler's Symphony No. 2 ("Resurrection") are quite different, and both are excellent. Hermann Scherchen (Westminster) has better singers than Bruno Walter (Columbia), and brings out the drama of the music more. Walter's treatment is more lyrical, more in rapport with Mahler's style (I feel), and weakest in the two final movements. Hear both and then decide, or better yet, get both.

## KEYBOARD

One of the finest recent piano records is a beautifully sensitive performance of two early works of Brahms, by Wilhelm Kempff (Decca). Kempff plays the *Sonata in F Minor*, Op. 5, with more maturity than Badura-Skoda, and finishes the second side with the Op. 4 *Scherzo in E Flat Minor* (Badura-Skoda's record has the *Sonata* only). This is piano playing of the highest order.

Brailowsky's performance of the *Concerto No. 2* of Rachmaninoff, with Jorda and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra (RCA Victor), is certainly among the best available on a modern recording. Without challenging the unique authority of the composer's performance, Brailowsky is in a class with Katchen, Moiseiwitsch, and Rubinstein. Katchen (on Richmond) is the "best buy" (\$1.98), but Brailowsky is more skillful at shaping the musical phrases than any of the others, and succeeds in exploiting the piano's virtues to better advantage than most. Brailowsky's approach, however, is more independent than the others, so a hearing is recommended before purchasing his performance. Spread over both sides of one record, however, this performance must be placed in the expensive class; Rubinstein's is coupled with the *E Flat Concerto* of Liszt, for instance.

Byron Janis turns in a fine performance of Rachmaninoff's *Concerto No. 3*, with Munch and the Boston Symphony Orchestra (RCA Victor). But it is not a great performance, as comparison with the composer's, or more recently Van Cliburn's will make plain.

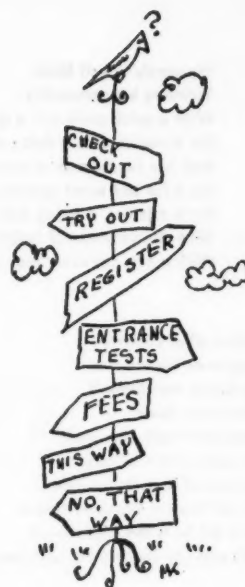
Rubinstein is a bit disappointing in his performance of the *Concerto No. 2* of Saint-Saens (RCA Victor). His performance doesn't flow smoothly along like Maura Lympny's did (now withdrawn), but gives me an unpleasant feel-

ing of jerkiness in some places. Gilels (on Vanguard) is my choice among those currently available. On the reverse side Rubinstein gives a very good account of Franck's *Symphonic Variations*, but Casadesu plays it better, going more deeply into the subtleties of the music. Rubinstein's performances are available in stereo, however, and that may tip the scales in his favor and some.

## VOCAL

Of recent lieder records, I am more enthusiastic about Heinz Rehfuss' singing of *Die Winterreise* (Westminster) each time I listen to it. It grows on me as a very intelligent and musically perceptive performance. Schubert's wonderful song-cycle has been represented on LP records in several good performances in the past, especially by Hans Hotter and Fischer-Dieskau, but this new one doesn't need any apologies. Rehfuss (who is Swiss) sings flawless German with fine enunciation, excellent tone quality, and great understanding. At first it seems that he is a bit too leisurely and somewhat dull, but this understatement wears well and allows some subtle meanings to emerge that neither Hotter nor Fischer-Dieskau realized. His pianist, Erik Werba, usually plays on the same level of artistic accomplishment. My only reservation is on the unnecessary expense (to the buyer) of spreading the cycle over four sides; Epic gets the whole cycle on two sides; both the Fischer-Dieskau set (now withdrawn), and the most recent Hotter version (on Angel) take only three sides.

The *Maria Stader Recital* (on Decca, DL 9994) comes off quite well but never rises to the heights. It has a kind of over-all pleasing effect, and is especially welcome for the selection of songs by Mendelssohn and Schoeck on Side Two;



the Schubert songs on Side One are recorded by lieder singers of greater stature than Miss Stader. Karl Engel, her accompanist, is always competent, never exciting.

Two Westminster records make available some rare treasures of French song. Perhaps the more important is a collection of 14 Cuparc songs, beautifully sung by Leopold Simoneau (XWN 18788). Most of these are not available in modern recording elsewhere. The other record, a collection of twenty-two Debussy songs (XWN 18778), is the only extensive collection of its kind also. Pierette Alarie, a coloratura soprano, sings very well, but not well enough to efface the memory of Maggie Teyte's performances. Allan Rogers, the accompanist on both records, sets a high standard indeed. French song is a rich musical area, and these two records provide a remarkably rich introduction to the field.

Three fine operatic releases have been received here for review. The RCA Victor *Madam Butterfly*, with Erich Leinsdorf leading a little-known group of Italian singers, and starring Anna Moffo as Butterfly, certainly ranks with the best available versions. Miss Moffo's voice and style are more intimate than her more-famous rivals in this role (Callas, Tebaldi, and Victoria de los Angeles), and the dramatic impact of the work as a whole is one that impresses me as closer to reality than to the theatrical (operatic) stage. Leinsdorf's leadership is beyond reproach, and I would rate this *Butterfly* (especially in stereo) as the best one on the market.



*The Art of Lily Pons* (Camden, 2 records) is another of those fine transfers to LP of treasures of the old 78 era. Here RCA has gathered the best of the Lily Pons' recordings, ranging from 1930 to 1940, and given the newer collector a wonderful opportunity to pick up these older items at bargain prices. This certainly represents Miss Pons at her prime, and will probably be the arena for deciding her place in the history of coloratura singing.

On a single disc, Eileen Farrell gives a powerful rendition of Brunnhilde's Imolation from *Die Gotterdammerung* and the Liebestod from *Tristan und Isolde* (RCA Victor). Her big, soaring voice is a

natural for Wagnerian singing, and she has no difficulty in being heard over the fine playing of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Charles Munch. If you don't have this music already by Flagstad, and want a good Wagnerian excerpt, this is for you. Very fine recording.

In the category of sacred music, special attention should be called to two very fine records of Bach *Cantatas*, and an impressive performance of the Mozart *Requiem*, K. 626, both on Westminster. The Bach *Cantatas* are performed by Kurt Redel, whose version of the *Brandenburg Concertos* recently established him as a top-ranking Bach conductor. One record (XWN 18755) contains Nos. 189, 89, and 174 (with the jacket wrongly identifying the "Sinfonia" of No. 174 with the first movement of the Brandenburg, Concerto No. 1, rather than No. 3), and the other (VWN 18768) contains Nos. 157, 55, and 151. The soloists, orchestra and chorus are all uniformly good, especially Helmut Krebs (tenor), and these are very satisfying performances. The Mozart *Requiem* is performed by Hermann Scherchen, the Vienna State Opera Orchestra, the Vienna Academy Chorus, and a fine set of soloists (Sena Jurinac, Lucretia West, Hans Loeffler, and Frederick Guthrie). It is Scherchen who is the real star, however, shaping the music precisely and effectively. I hesitate to rank this as the best version, however, simply because there are three others which have fine merits too—by Horenstein (Vox), Kempe (Capital), and Jochum (Decca).



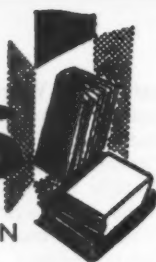
HAVE YOU TRIED  
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# BOOKS

BY EVERETT TILSON



## PROPHECY WITH AN ARKANSAS ACCENT

J. Philip Hyatt gives us the fruit of two decades of research and study within very brief compass in **JEREMIAH: PROPHET OF COURAGE AND HOPE** (Abingdon Press, \$2).

He deserves some kind of special award for compressing such wide knowledge about an unquestionably deserving subject into so few pages.

Dr. Hyatt prefaces his work with an introductory chapter on the origin and nature of Hebrew prophecy, a much fuller treatment of which can be found in his widely acclaimed earlier book, *Prophetic Religion*. While the reader of the earlier work will find no surprises in this summary, it should help him fill in the background of the life and message of Jeremiah.

Despite Dr. Hyatt's departure from most commentators in his view as to the date of Jeremiah's activity, he devotes only minimum attention to such technical considerations. Apparently he feels, as does this reviewer, that this departure, though of real scholarly significance, does not greatly alter our view of either the life or message of Jeremiah.

Unlike Amos and certain other Hebrew prophets, according to Dr. Hyatt, Jeremiah never really enjoyed the office of prophet. But neither could he, despite terrific pressure from friends and relatives as well as contemporary political and religious leaders, gainsay the call of God. He became a prophet in spite not only of his contemporaries but even of himself. Yet a prophet of God he became and remained, and this, if you will, against pressures that would have driven most men, if not mad, to suicide. In the face of family pressure, despite persecu-

tion at the hands of fellow prophets and priests, notwithstanding royal rebuke, and through frequent imprisonments—in short, no matter who the foe or what the crisis, Jeremiah in the end sought and found the courage to be faithful and prophetic.

How could any mere man find such strength in the midst of so many such compelling evidences of the frailty and corruption of all mortal striving? What in man inspired such courage? The answer is, "Nothing!" Jeremiah's courage rooted not in any illusions as to the power or goodness of human nature. It sprang rather from the unshaken and unshakable conviction that, before, within and beyond all our mortal striving, the eternal God is at work pursuing his purpose for all life and history.

And so it was also in the case of Jeremiah's hope. Just as he did not lose courage when his fellows ignored his plea for repentance, so he did not lose hope when their rebellion brought in its train, one after the other, the loss of nationhood, the destruction of the Temple, and at last, exile into a foreign land. Indeed, just as he had been driven to despair by the glib confidence of Judah before the fall, after the fall he waxed hopeful in the face of popular despair. Deprived of all the crutches on which she had formerly leaned for her security and future, Israel might turn once again to God, the prophet reasoned, her only solid ground of hope for true security or a meaningful future. So Jeremiah hoped in the absence of any empirical ground for hope.

In view of the similarity between Jeremiah's times and our own, not to mention our desperate need for the display of such courage and hope in our time as this prophet displayed in his time, need one say more of the relevance of this book for our life and faith? If so, you will find it in Dr. Hyatt's concluding chapter, "Permanent Values in Jeremiah's Life and Message."

If one were looking for a contemporary subject of a biography under the title of Dr. Hyatt's book, Brooks Hays, the former congressman from Arkansas' Fifth District, which includes Little Rock, would merit considerable attention. His commentary on the race problem in **A SOUTHERN MODERATE SPEAKS** (The University of North Carolina Press, \$3.50) reflects more than a little of courage and hope. But after a close compari-

son of him with Amos or Micah, one would have to bypass the above title in search of some more appropriate one. Hays reflects none of the Israelite prophet's capacity for righteous indignation, bitter irony or devastating satire. While most of Israel's great prophets were quite "Southern," they were seldom "moderate." But Hays emerges from the comparison with something less than dishonor and discredit. In fact, thanks to his unfailing good humor and boundless charity, he would win hands down against almost any Israelite prophet in a neighborhood popularity contest.

Lest I do less than justice to the man or his book, let me hasten to add that there is a tendency in both to put more backbone in "moderate" than most users of the term would approve. If Hays has not joined the crusade for integration, as his detractors have correctly pointed out, neither has he appealed to bigotry and prejudice. Even though his victorious opponent based his campaign on this level, Hays refused to join him in the mire. The friends of Hays, though aware of the political jeopardy into which their representative had put himself by this refusal, were not surprised by his unqualified disdain for such tactics. While Hays himself admits to the experience of numerous temptations during those tense pre-election days, he does not include recourse to racist techniques and propaganda among them. Indeed, from reading his book, one gets the clear impression that such a temptation could never have anything more than fleeting appeal for



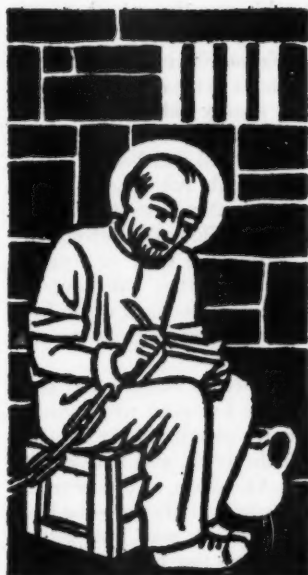
motive

the former Arkansas congressman. While others might view the avowed reason for his aversion to such a notion with some cynicism, I am quite disposed to take it at face value. In fact, I would say that his attitude to life, and not just his feeling about the race issue, springs from a "deep religious conviction as to the meaning of the brotherhood of man."

As former president of the Southern Baptist Convention, Hays' view of the church's role in the crisis of race will doubtless be of wide interest, and deservedly so. She will make her chief contribution in the search for a way out of our dilemma, he declares, as she moves men to cut the cloth of life on the pattern of God's purpose as revealed in the life, death and resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. Not being a theologian, Hays betrays little awareness of the contemporary stress on the corporate character of Christian life and faith. While the book suffers because of this fact, it is doubtful that his stress on individual responsibility will do any of us a great deal of harm or, for that matter, sound unduly repetitious.

Since Hays has played a key role in numerous political hassles over the question of race, it would be surprising, indeed, if he should avoid all mention of his activities in these intra-party squabbles. You will be glad to know that the author pulls no surprise at all on this score. This book will provide you with a ringside seat to some of the tensest political infighting of modern times. Hays' comments in these sections of his book illuminate, in addition to the immediate issue of race, many of the larger issues of life, death and politics.

Despite the appropriateness of its title, Hays' book is worth reading; in fact, it deserves serious and even close attention.



SAINT PAUL

Courtesy, Catholic Worker

Robert R. Brown, the Episcopal Bishop of Arkansas, in *BIGGER THAN LITTLE ROCK* (The Seabury Press, \$3.50), attempts a big and difficult order within the brief compass of under 200 pages. He undertakes a review, analysis and forecast of the racial situation in Arkansas' first city. If he does not fully achieve his lofty goal, the blame cannot be traced to the brevity of the book. When one can parcel out blame for the mess in Little Rock without seriously involving the Arkansas governor, his work must be viewed with reservation, if not suspicion. Such oversight might, under certain circumstances, be dismissed, at worst, as incredible naïveté or, at best, as unmitigated Christian charity. Brown's rough treatment of Superintendent Blossom betrays just enough cynicism and little enough charity for us to be unable to plead such circumstances in his defense. This being the case, it's hard, in attempting to account for the comparative treatment of these two men at Brown's hands, to resist this explanation: Faubus remains in Arkansas, while Blossom has migrated to Texas. If this judgment seems unduly harsh, at least it's no harsher than Brown's judgment of beleaguered Blossom. The author, in his chapter on "Hindsight," details all the things that Blossom might have done but didn't to avert "Black Monday" in Little Rock. Since he does not do the same for Faubus, the reader is left to infer that the superintendent's sins of omission were more serious than the governor's sins of commission. If we readers eschew this inference, as most of

us probably will, no small credit for this fact is due such people as Harry Ashmore, editor of *The Arkansas Gazette*, and Virgil Blossom, whose own version of "The Little Rock Story" was carried serially in *The Saturday Evening Post*. Even though neither of these men comes off very well at Brown's hands, their version of what happened in Little Rock comes much closer to the view of reporters for national publications than does that in the book under review.

Bishop Brown tells us that, before writing this book, he had to face up to the diminution of his influence as a possible consequence. Did the cause merit the risk? he asked himself. After answering this question in the affirmative, he came forward with *Bigger Than Little Rock*.

I cannot help wondering how such a decision three or so years earlier by a few hundred other people like Brown might have affected the outcome of the Little Rock plan for desegregation. Would Faubus have dared take such drastic and foolish steps? If men like Ashmore had enjoyed the full support of men like Brown, could the latter now include the former among the "extremists" (Brown throws this word around, along with that of "moderate," in a manner reminiscent of the fearsome fifties, when McCarthyism was at its peak) who have been forced "to remain silent or to spend their time defending themselves against . . . attacks"?

Like so many of our self-styled diplomats in educational, governmental and, unfortunately, ecclesiastical circles, Brown betrays little awareness of the guilt of such cautious people in turning men like Ashmore, and, for that matter, Faubus—into extremists. Quite obviously, so far as the issue of desegregation is concerned, there is no basic difference be-



tween Brown and Ashmore as regards either the question of justice or the ultimate solution to the problem. Their big difference has to do with the matter of timing. Had I been confronted with their situation, I cannot say at this safe (I hope!) distance just what my own timing would have been. I have no doubt, however, but what Little Rock would be a vastly better city in which to live if it could only exchange some of Brown's hindights for more of Ashmore's foresight.

Brown reflects a profound sense of the world-wide significance of what has happened and is happening in Little Rock. He manifests an equally deep awareness of the importance of the noncoercive approach to the Christian task of reconciliation. While these factors do not wholly atone for the weaknesses of the book, they redeem it in sufficient measure to permit me to recommend *Bigger Than Little Rock* as the reflector of a point of view with which you ought to be familiar.



In **RABBINIC STORIES FOR CHRISTIAN MINISTERS AND TEACHERS** (Abingdon Press, \$3.50), the rabbi of The Temple at Nashville, Dr. William B. Silverman, ties together delightful anecdotes and pithy epigrams, culled from the more than 2,500,000 words of treasured Jewish writings, into an absorbing theological-homiletical narrative. Having sampled some of his sources in the original Hebrew, I am duly appreciative of the pain the author has spared his reader. May the unwary reader of this work not allow his own pleasure with these pages

to hide from his eyes the pain that went into their writing!

The author's introductory words and a very helpful index to the contents of these pages should greatly enhance the value and facilitate the use of this work. All Christian leaders will find here a wealth of valuable, though not (thank God!) predigested, illustrative material. Indeed, if they learn to follow Dr. Silverman's practice of letting the story or epigram carry its own moral, they will have derived more than their money's worth from this book—even if they never use a single one of its illustrations.

Halford E. Luccock makes a few terse comments in the foreword with which I wholly agree. He writes: "I have only one quarrel with the book, and that is with the title page. Of course, just to be nasty, I could make another criticism—the book isn't long enough. I was just getting warmed up when the last page came along. . . . My quarrel is with the line 'For Christian Ministers and Teachers.' It is all true, but this unduly limits the readers. It is not only for ministers and teachers, but for people—tall and short, stout and thin, Jew and Christian, and for that matter, for Buddhists and Mohammedans."

## EXODUS

by William B. Silverman

*A year ago, a novel of Israel was published without much fanfare. Exodus (Doubleday and Company, \$4.50) sold steadily and soon had a place on the best-seller lists and has remained there. This month it is published in a paperback (Bantam Books, 75 cents).*

**E**XODUS, by Leon Uris, is more than a book. It is a religious experience. It is history come to life.

No review can do justice to this book—no cursory evaluation can effectively capture the mood, the gripping drama, the living history of a heroic people who rise from the human abattoirs of Dachau, Bergen, Belson and Maidenik to re-create the State of Israel and affirm a sublime dedication to an eternal dream.

The story of Exodus is the story of a people who refused to die; the story of a people who not only dreamed, but made their dreams come true. There is Kitty Fremont, a Christian nurse who joins the Israeli cause. There is the young girl, Karen Clement, whose father Johann was a professor on the faculty of a German university, a man who said: I am more German than Jewish. The Nazis will never bother me or my family. It



will pass. It will pass—but on November 19, 1938, when it was announced:

From this day on no Jew may belong to a craft or a trade,  
From this day on no Jewish child may enter a public school,  
From this day on no Jewish child may enter a public park or recreation ground,  
From this day on all Jews must wear a yellow arm band with the star of David,  
then Professor Johann Clement knew that it would NOT pass during his lifetime, and he sent his little Karen to live with the Hansens in Denmark. But the shadow of the swastika followed Karen even to her new home. April 9, 1940—This is the Danish state radio. Today at 4:15, the German army crossed our frontier at Saed and Krussa.

Then the Hansens had no choice but to permit the Palmach, young free Jews from Palestine, to smuggle out their adopted daughter, Karen, and embark for Palestine—but as the ship neared the shores of Palestine, it was captured by the British, and the children were interned upon the Island of Cyprus because the doors of Palestine slammed shut, closed to Jews by order of the British Government.

The British Commander in charge of the Jewish internees at Cyprus was Brigadier General Bruce Sutherland—a man whose dreams are tortured with memories of his testimony at the Nuremberg Trial of the Nazi Criminals:

General Sutherland, describe in your own words . . . .

My troops entered Bergen Belsen at 20 minutes past five in the evening of April 15th.

Describe . . . .

In Camp Number One we found 15,000 corpses just littered around.

Describe . . . .

The survivors were so diseased and starved that 13,000 more died within a few days.



Describe . . .

Conditions were so wretched when we entered the camp that the living were eating the flesh of the corpses.

No wonder General Bruce Sutherland couldn't sleep. No wonder his dreams were filled with nightmares and terror. But with all his sympathy he could not by order of the British Government permit one Jewish child to leave Cyprus for Palestine. That was the almost insuperable task of the illegal free army of Palestine, the Palmach, and its leader Ari Ben Canaan, the silent, iron-nerved underground fighter. It was Ari Ben Canaan who smuggled 300 Jewish children on board the ship Exodus and, bottled up in the harbor at Cyprus, challenged the British: Let my people go!

The Exodus sputtered into Haifa Harbor amid a blast of welcoming horns and whistles. Some 25,000 Jews poured onto the Haifa dock to cheer the creaky little boat. The Palestine Philharmonic Orchestra played the Jewish anthem: Hatikva, the Hope. The Exodus had come home.

But it wasn't home yet—not until some of these children such as Dov, a hate-ravaged product of the Warsaw Ghetto whose parents were killed before his very eyes, who crawled and lived through rat-infested sewers, not until Dov and others resisted the Arab massacres of the Jews of Palestine as the British stood by; not until that historic moment when the Knesset announced the birth of the infant state of Israel; not until seven hostile Arab nations were driven back after the attempt to squeeze the life out of the infant. And so they fought, boys and girls, escapees from concentration camps, the Palmach, free Jews, the Haganah. They fought with their bare fists, pounding out weapons from their meager furniture—using stones against grenades—they fought—they had to fight—because En Berarah, no alternative—they had to fight because they were prisoners of a dream. And later, while the Arabs shrieked: Death to the dream, operation Magic Carpet was bringing Jews from Yemen, Jews from lands of servitude and oppression, a new exodus, not on foot, not by camel, not by ship, but Jews were swarming into planes—destined for Erez Yisroel, the dreamland of Israel.



**T**HERE are some who may be thinking: Why should we read this book? Haven't we had enough of concentration camps and torture and crisis, with the blood and guts of Jews spilled over our minds and hearts for the last twenty years? We want to forget all that. WE'VE HAD IT!

It is true that this book will stir us, disturb us and shake us, but it's time for a generation nurtured by the religious pabulum called "peace of mind," a generation that calls itself all shook-up by rock and roll, to be shaken up and out of the moral lethargy and the dogmatic slumber that permits us to be apathetic to the enormity of man's inhumanity to man.

Despite the gruesome description of the suffering of the Jews in Nazi Europe, *Exodus* is not a morbid nor a depressing volume. It evaluates realistically in the perspective of history, and recounts the facts pertaining to the Jewish struggle for survival, but the basic theme is not the depravity of man. Quite to the contrary, it shows that despite evil, the spirit of man is unconquerable when there is a commitment to a sacred cause and a glorious dream. *Exodus* is more than a gripping and exciting narrative. It bespeaks the Jewish belief in the future, and articulates hope for all mankind.

## LETTERS . . .

This is a reply to Martin Rist, "In the Direction of Canterbury?" (March, 1959, *motive*).

Dr. Rist thinks that the most basic question for Methodist worship is "Can any good thing come out of Canterbury?" Has it occurred to him that the way we worship is profoundly determined by the God we worship? Before we can make sense out of the order and forms of the liturgy we must make some very basic statements about who it is we worship. If Dr. Rist assumes this effort he is assuming too much. We should be able to ask ourselves in any part of the service, "What is now taking place and how is it related to the entire drama of our redemption?" We must have some framework within which to understand the forms of the liturgy. We must at least grant *The Wesley Orders* this basic asset, and Dr. Hobbs is responsible for the lucid interpretation of this in the Preface.

Dr. Rist's article shows little understanding of the cosmic drama of God in Christ, which presents us with the motive and manner of Christian worship. In his haste to innovate, to "experiment" with "functional and progressive" services, he presents a crazy-quilt liturgy with poor logic and no roots. Functional for what? And progressive toward what? He may suit the tastes of American innovators, but then he is no less "imitative" than his Anglican antagonist. The basic question for Christian innovators is, "Am I trying to please God or men?"

I think Dr. Rist has a misplaced concern. I see no immediate danger that American students will riot over the liturgical revival. No one in Methodism is going to subtly

pervert us into aping the Anglicans. It is almost as if Dr. Rist admits that the Anglicans do indeed have an option on God, but we find this God irrelevant and want no part in the tribal deity. The end result of the article is a defensive isolation of Methodist worship from Christian conversation. There is always someone to blame, isn't there? At least the Anglicans are playing for keeps. And I find nothing of this seriousness in an article which quibbles over whether to acknowledge debt to the Anglicans in the title of Methodist books of liturgy. If not Canterbury, Quo Vadis, Dr. Rist?

—EDWIN ROACH

associate methodist chaplain  
duke university, durham, n. c.

Martin Rist should be commended for stating that liturgy should be related to experience. However, the fact that evangelical Protestantism rejects the traditional liturgical year in favor of a series of commemorative days indicates that much of the theological truth symbolized in the liturgy has been discarded.

A number of special days—notably Labor Day, Memorial Day, Mother's Day—are merely adoptions of secular observances. Memorial Day is especially questionable, since the church supposedly transcends the state. The sentimentality accompanying Mother's Day could be dispensed with. Not that I have anything against mothers—I may be one someday—but I object to the sermons entreating young girls to be "little wives and mothers" (presumably innocuous) whose children will become juvenile delinquents if they stray outside the kitchen and nursery (except to become W. S. C. S. officers).

By all means the liturgy should not become frozen! In an atmosphere of secularized



WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE SIN?

popular religion the church needs to preserve some of its "strangeness." By all means relate the Christian life to social and economic affairs—but let this be an outgrowth of the Good News, not a mere humanist concern.

—JANET KIEHLE  
vassar college  
poughkeepsie, new york

One must protest the anachronism and misconception of the "Anglo-Catholic Prayer" on page 27 of the March, 1959, issue of *motive*. The Anglo-Catholic movement was a mid-nineteenth-century product which was foreign to the evangelical theology of the Wesleys.

Truly the Wesleys were more liturgically and sacramentally minded than much of modern Methodism. In this respect they bear a superficial resemblance to the Anglo-Catholic. We also remember that Wesley held the predominantly Protestant Thirty-Nine Articles which give many Anglo-Catholics pause.

In central doctrinal issues Wesley was widely at variance with Anglo-Catholic theology. Wesley knew, with Luther, that justification by faith is "the article of a standing or falling church." When accused of Papism he replied that he preached justification by faith alone. Wesley was a Protestant, and cannot in any sense be otherwise interpreted without violence. If the Anglo-Catholic would call himself Wesleyan he must give up the attempt to mediate between irreconcilable doctrines of grace.

—J. HAMBY BARTON, JR.  
drew university  
madison, new jersey



## contributors

**J. CLAUDE EVANS** is a native of South Carolina, now serving as Chaplain to the University at Southern Methodist. A Navy chaplain in World War II, pastor of South Carolina churches, editor for five years of the South Carolina Methodist Advocate, he brings a variety of experience to his present significant work with a university community.

**JANET CHORDES** is presently a student at the College of the Pacific.

**KERMIT EBY** is surely known to most readers of this magazine. Educator, labor leader, minister, he is one of the exciting personalities of our day. He now is professor of the social sciences at the University of Chicago. He likes to write for *motive*, he says, because he doesn't have to hit our readers over the head. A nice compliment.

**ROBERT S. ECCLES** has spent twelve years as a college teacher, the last six as associate professor of Bible at DePauw University. For six years he was a public-school teacher in the State of Washington. His degrees include B.D. from Garrett, M.A. in speech and drama from Northwestern, and a Ph.D. in New Testament from Yale.

**ROGER ORTMAYER** was editor of this magazine from 1950 to 1958, when he became professor of Christianity and the Arts at Southern Methodist University. His achievements in religious journalism and the creative arts will long be remembered as he continues to influence these fields.

**ALICE MALMUDE** is the sister of Joachim Probst and well qualified to comment on his paintings. She lives in Flushing, New York.

**JOHN M. SWOMLEY, JR.**, has been a *motive* writer since the beginning of the magazine. He is executive secretary of the National Council Against Conscription and on the executive staff of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. He is recognized throughout America as a thoughtful student of military affairs, whose accuracy and scholarship are seldom questioned.

**FRANKLIN H. LITTELL** is professor of church history at Emory University, an officer in the German laymen's movement, the Kirchentag, and in the executive committee of the Leaders' Conference of Evangelical Academies. He was recently decorated by the German Federal Republic. We welcome him back to the pages of *motive*.

**ROBERT FREIMARK** is a member of the faculty of painting and allied arts at Ohio University at Athens. Mr. Freimark has exhibited widely in the East, and has had nine one-man shows since 1951. Recurrent themes in his works are disillusionment, reincarnation, those who are lost. He feels he is strongly influenced in this by religion. He boldly claims, "I have never met an artist who was not positive about his religion and his beliefs."

**LINDSEY PHERIGO** is a regular in *motive*, and we identify him now to express appreciation for many faithful labors, and also to indicate that he has changed positions. This summer, he left the deanship of Scarritt College for Kansas City and a professorship in New Testament and Early History of Christianity at the new National Methodist Theological Seminary of The Methodist Church.

**EVERETT TILSON** is a familiar name in these pages and in the student movement. He teaches at the Divinity School of Vanderbilt University, and is constantly sought for sermons, lectures and conference appearances.

**WILLIAM B. SILVERMAN** is rabbi of The Temple in Nashville. We welcome this outstanding religious and civic leader to our pages, both as a writer and as a subject of a book review.

**ALICE COBB**, former assistant professor of church and community at Scarritt College, Nashville, Tennessee, is the author of a number of books of folktales and is now working on her doctorate in rural sociology at Boston University.

## artists in this issue:

**HOWARD ELLIS**, Nashville; **ROBERT CHARLES BROWN**, Connecticut; **ART VERMILION**, Indiana; **JACK MORSE**, New York State; **JIM CRANE**, Wisconsin; **JIM McLEAN**, Louisiana; **MARSELLA KOLB**, Wisconsin; **JACK KELLAM**, Kentucky; **JEAN PENLAND**, Tennessee; **KIMI**, New York City. We welcome these artists from all points of the map, some old-timers, some brand new. During the year you will be seeing more of their work. These artists are giving us vital renewal of traditional Christian symbols, fresh forms in place of overworked imagery and a sensitivity to the relevance of Christianity today.

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**CHRIST MOCKED BY SOLDIERS, 1932, OIL BY GEORGES ROUAULT**  
COURTESY, MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, N. Y.



## AN EXISTENTIALIST'S STORY (*a fable*)

Once upon a time there was a young owl, who sincerely wanted to be as wise, or nearly as wise, as his grandmother, whom he admired very much. So he did a great deal of thinking and listening and asking questions, and often wakened before dark, in his eagerness to learn things.

One time when he was awake and listening, there passed underneath his tree two young lovers. He heard the young man say to the woman, "Believe me, I will love you forever."

The woman said, "I believe you, but I do not know how long forever is."

The man said, "Don't be a cynic. Forever is forever. I mean it."

"I know you mean it," she answered. "I only wonder how long forever is."

The young owl, also wondering, hurried to his wise old grandmother, and asked her, "Grandmother, how long is forever?"

The old owl, irritated at being awakened too soon from her all-day sleep, dragged her head slowly from under her wingfeathers, and grumbled: "Why should I tell you? You wouldn't understand."

But the young owl persisted, and finally his grandmother got her eyes open and said:

"My dear featherbrain, to tell you how long forever is would take as long as forever. If you have in your claws a part of a fish, it is fish as far as you are concerned, even though you might have more fish, or less either, for that matter. Does that make it clear?"

"No, Grandmother," he answered honestly. "It does not make it clear at all. I cannot see any connection between forever and fish."

"Then you are a trifle stupid," she muttered crossly. "Forever is as long as it will take me to fly from here to the pine tree on the other side of the forest, where I trust I may have a few moments rest from your questions."

She left in a rush, and was soon out of sight, who-whoing a bit. Yet before she was lost to view, the last leaf on the maple tree had fluttered to the ground, and in that instant the first snowflake had fallen, which meant that autumn had ended and winter had begun. In the same instant the sun had set finally behind the hill, and the silver moon shown out brilliantly on the other side of the sky, which meant that day had ended and night had begun.

The young owl hurried after his grandmother then, because he had still another question to ask of her.

"Grandmother," he who'd, when he came close to the pine tree, "Grandmother, there is another question I have to ask you. What please, Grandmother, is a cynic?"

With an indulgent sigh (because it was now night, and getting-up time after all) the old owl said, "My dear young nuisance, a cynic is a person, or an owl, who has learned for himself how long forever is."

The young owl thanked his grandmother, and concluded that he was very lucky to be descended from so wise an old bird.

—ALICE COBURN